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# commonweal

# THE COUNCIL AND THE BOMB

***Will the schema go beyond platitudes?***

*James Douglass*

**THE DOCK STRIKE**
*Thomas R. Brooks*

**FACES OF FIVE DECADES**
*Robert Lekachman*

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# CORRESPONDENCE

### "Sad Commentary"

Washington, D. C.

*To the Editors:* The article about the ordeal of Francis E. Kearns, the Georgetown University English Professor being ousted, obviously, because he is a devout Catholic layman who believes in truths, social and spiritual, is a sad commentary on the "opening of the windows" of the Church. Kearns will probably go in time, he will be forgotten, and whoever made the decision will smugly believe that "good" has been done.

The whole spirit of the Church, as we particularly find it in the work of the Ecumenical Council, is that the Church is the People of God. And the Holy Father repeatedly reminds us that he is the Servant of the Servants of God, not a feudal prince ruling over his subjects. So too with the venerable clergymen who operate colleges like Georgetown. Without the support of the laity, without the enormous and generous giving of funds from the laity, they could do nothing. One would imagine that in common decency the laymen would be accorded at least a proper hearing and, above all, justice. The problem is not Mr. Kearns; it is the Establishment of Georgetown.

RICHARD DEVERALL

### Criticizing Georgetown

Washington, D.C.

*To the Editors:* John Leo, in his fair and objective reporting of the unfortunate Kearns case (COMMONWEAL, January 29), unwittingly reveals what is perhaps chiefly wrong with Professor Kearns. It is not that he finds fault, but that he has a penchant for untimely criticisms. It was the March on Washington, which she supported and in which she participated, that occasioned his caustic criticisms of Georgetown University's racial policies. It is during a year star-studded with intellectually exciting events that he echoes what, in the context of the time, is a fatuous sophomoric lament about the "absence of a vital Catholic intellectual life on campus."

Here is a *partial* list (perhaps one third) of speakers who lectured on campus this year:

*Theology:* Karl Rahner, John Courtney Murray, Hans Küng, Piet Fransen, George H. Williams, Bernard Lonergan ("whose followers," reports *Time*, "assert that history may reckon him a mind to rank with Aquinas and Newman").

*Scripture:* Roland de Vaux (currently occupying the Chauncey Stillman chair at Harvard), Roland Murphy, Joseph Fitzmyer.

*Philosophy:* Gabriel Marcel, Etienne Gilson (the Fenwick Lectures), Martin d'Arcy (visiting professor), Charles Malik, Jean Yves Calvez, Joseph M. Bochenski, Ernan McMullin, Robert Johann, W. Norris Clarke.

*Public Affairs:* Lyndon Baines Johnson, Earl Warren, Dean Rusk, Edward "Pat" Brown, Barbara Ward, Albert Lleras Camargo, Jose Figueres, Felipe Herrera, Hans Morgenthau, Robert Maynard Hutchins, Sargent Shriver.

*Ecclesiology:* Paul VI (who spoke directly to the campus via Telstar), Leon Cardinal Suenens, Francis Cardinal Koenig, Bishop John Wright.

*Sciences:* Nobel Laureate Bernardo Houssay, Nobel Laureate Corneille Jean Francois Heymans, Nobel Laureate Daniel Bovet, Nobel Laureate Sir Howard W. Florey, Detlev Bronk, Theodosius Dobzhansky, Bentley Glass, E. R. Piore, Phillip Morse, G. C. McVittie.

*Humanities:* Flannery O'Connor, Paul Horgan, Roger McHugh, Dwight Macdonald, Christopher Hollis, William Lynch, Alan Moorhead, Lord and Lady Snow.

*Social Problems:* Gunnar Myrdal, Robert Theobald, Leon Keyserling, Wilbur Cohen, Michael Harrington, George Shuster, Irene Taeuber, John L. Thomas, Oscar Harkavy, Vice Admiral Hyman Rickover, Marshall McLuhan.

*Fine Arts:* H. Gerson, James S. Ackerman, Sydney J. Freedburg.

*Law:* David L. Bazelon, Edward L. Barrett, Jr., Nicholas deB. Katzenbach.

*Music:* The world premiere of "Lauds in Honor of St. Ignatius of Loyola," by Robert Evett, specially commissioned by the University and presented in Constitution Hall by the Glee Club and members of the Washington National Symphony Orchestra.

A series of brilliantly successful conferences also distinguished the year. These included, among others, a conference on West Africa attended by some 400 scholars from this country and abroad; a conference on poverty which Msgr. George Higgins in his syndicated column said was "just about tops" of all the conferences he had attended in the course of 24 years of assiduous conference-going; a conference on Freedom and Man which was attended by more than 5000 people, leading to this UP wire report: "Georgetown University has achieved what may be a unique feat: hanging out the "standing room only" sign at a conference on theology."

This is the kind of thing that was going on at Georgetown University at the very time that Professor Kearns was bending his ear to and giving tongue to undergraduate complaints about the absence of a vital intellectual life on the campus! A criticism out of due season gives as distorted a picture of reality as a criticism without foundation in fact. It may seem equally outrageous.

(REV.) GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J.

### "Relatively Simple"

Washington, D. C.

*To the Editors:* The so-called "Kearns case" at Georgetown (COMMONWEAL, January 29) is a relatively simple affair so long as one distinguishes some of the attendant, but not fundamental, issues from the primary one. I mean issues like the lack of administrative machinery at Georgetown for dealing with academic grievances, the handling of the case by the Georgetown administration, the propriety, tone and style of Mr. Kearns' prose, even the competence of the professor himself.

The simple issue is whether a professor should be penalized for an expression of opinion critical of the college or university where he teaches. The facts are also simple: Mr. Kearns charges the ad-



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ministration with termination of contract because of his institutional self-criticism. The administration denies it.

Presumably, neither party denies a professor the right to such self-criticism. Yet, while Mr. Kearns has stated his adherence to the principle of dissent, the university has not. Ironically, the university has said both too much and too little. It said too much when it stated why Mr. Kearns was having his contract terminated and too little in failing to support his right to criticize the university.

Many here would say that Georgetown is unfairly judged, especially by those who would take the "Kearns case" as typical of Georgetown and, by extension, other Catholic colleges and universities. They would be quite misinformed.

The best defense of freedom is its exercise. An affirmation of the function of criticism within the Georgetown academic community, extending even to institutional self-criticism, would restore harmony to what is now an uneasy truce, clarify the role of the university, answer the critics, suppress rumors, prevent student demonstrations and, who knows, it might even dissolve the annual Spring riot.

One of the student magazines on campus here is named *Stimulus*. Its existence since 1963 argues the presence of freedom of opinion here. Its student writers have been much more critical of Georgetown than Mr. Kearns. I suggest that the administration has been stimulated. When will it respond?

FRANK L. KEEGAN
College of Arts and Sciences
Georgetown University

### Catholic Colleges

No. Aurora, Ill.

*To the Editors:* As a pragmatist I suppose I should not argue with the theory presented by Mr. Leonard Swidler in "Catholic Colleges: A Modest Proposal" since I agree with several of his practical conclusions, including his general suggestion that we reconsider the present deployment of Church

(*Continued on page* 745)

**EDITORIALS: 719**
***OUR FRIENDS, THE POOR:*** *Paul Jacobs* **722**
***THE PRICE OF RETREAT:*** *William V. Shannon* **723**
***THE COUNCIL AND THE BOMB:*** *James Douglass* **725**
***THE DOCK STRIKE:*** *Thomas R. Brooks* **728**
***FACES OF FIVE DECADES:*** *Robert Lekachman* **731**
**VERSE:** IN LENT: *John C. Meagher* **730** PLATO: A GIRL'S THOUGHT: *Sister Agnes, C.S.J.* **739**
**THE SCREEN:** *Philip T. Hartung* **733** **THE STAGE:** *Wilfrid Sheed* **734**
**OF NOTE: 736** **BOOKS: 740** **CORRESPONDENCE: 718**
**ART:** *Betty Kaufman* **744**

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# MIXED MARRIAGES

The mildest thing which can be said about the Church's laws on mixed marriages is that they are merely troublesome and awkward. But mild things have rarely been said. Catholics have never found it easy to defend these laws; or at least have rarely been able to make their purported reasonableness plausible to the non-Catholic. For their part, non-Catholics have felt that the Church's demands are both unreasonable and unjust, little more than another cog in the vast machinery of Catholic imperialism, but all the more odious since they impinge intimately on their consciences and their rights. Over the years, however, the Church has remained firm and unyielding. Nothing less than non-Catholic capitulation would do, especially on the religious training of children.

From the viewpoint of the Church, no doubt, this policy had both theoretical and practical merits. Theoretically, it served to confirm the Church's self-understanding of its supreme rights and to underscore this conviction in the minds of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Practically, it served to deter some Catholics from consorting with marriageable non-Catholics (and vice-versa). So too it undoubtedly resulted in the raising of many children as Catholics who might otherwise have been, as it is often put, "lost." In this respect, a good pragmatic case might be argued; and some savants have not scrupled to do so. But the price of this policy has been high. It all but totally ignored the conscience of the non-Catholic marriage partner. It practically forced many Catholics to marry outside of the Church—by telling them that they had no choice, should the non-Catholic assert his or her rights, but to give up their prospective husband or wife. It opened the way for hypocrisy since, as it often turned out, promises were made for the sake of a respectable "church wedding" and family blessings which were never intended to be kept. Finally, even when promises were made in good faith prior to a marriage, the non-Catholic often felt later that he had been victimized by being placed in an impossible dilemma. As many couples in mixed marriages can attest, the



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pre-marital promises can create as many problems later as they supposedly solve at the outset.

Now that a new era is upon the Church, an era pre-eminently marked by a fresh sensitivity to the non-Catholic conscience, the present laws are patently anachronistic. They hearken back to that period when the impersonal rights of truth were held to take precedence over every other consideration, when the principle that "error has no rights" was thought to be the final word on the claims of the non-Catholic conscience. That period has, happily, just about passed in the Church-State arena; it is now time that some of the same insights which brought it to a close be applied to the Church's marriage legislation. To be specific: the insight that people are the subjects of rights, not propositions; that the non-Catholic has the right and duty to follow his conscience; that the Catholic does not have the right to coerce that conscience. The present laws of the Church on mixed marriages, in fact if not in theory, do work to coerce the non-Catholic.

According to recent reports Pope Paul will shortly issue a *motu proprio* on the subject. If these reports are to be believed, one change will be a relaxing of the present rule obliging the non-Catholic marriage partner to promise to raise his or her children as Catholics. This would be an immense and desirable step. To be sure, such a change would by no means do away with all potential difficulties; many would remain and they could be trying to both the Catholic and non-Catholic partner. But at least some great injustices would be avoided and the rights of the non-Catholic conscience honored in practice.

Beyond that change, there would be many other requirements for an improvement in the spiritual integrity of mixed marriages. The important thing is that, so far as is humanly possible, everything be done to give these marriages a strong spiritual (and necessarily ecumenical) grounding. The recent presence of an Episcopal minister at a mixed marriage in Washington, D.C. seems a symbolic step in the right direction. Another, and far broader, move might be the formation of ecumenical groups of priests and ministers who would cooperatively counsel couples in mixed marriage. The possibilities of improvement are unlimited. They are needed at once.

## SAVING RAILROADS

The New Haven Railroad's application to curtail its nearby commuter service to New York, with the prospect of discontinuing such service altogether, should lead to substantial public action at long last. Similar steps have increasingly been threatened by the Erie-Lackawanna and other Eastern railroads. In the past, commuter services have been carried by the railroads' profitable operations, but in recent years these have been much reduced by competition from trucks, freight-planes, coastwise and river barges. Passenger service itself, especially between distant points, has declined because of plane, bus and auto competition. The short span of the rush hours, with the day-long costs of maintenance and employment, has made commuter service a heavier losing proposition year by year.

Proposed remedies are manifold. Varying degrees of tax relief are already in force in several Eastern states; passenger fares have periodically increased; train schedules have been greatly curtailed and in some instances wholly abandoned. All this has proved far from adequate. Millions in "lend-lease" for badly needed new passenger cars are advocated as a way to revive commuter-service revenues. Some would have the states involved put up enough to meet the annual deficits from these operations, while others strongly favor semi-public regional transit authorities or outright government ownership.

The modernization successfully carried out by the New York Central normally would not solve the problem of maintaining commuter services—nor, by themselves, will the various big railroad mergers now in prospect. The question here is not how to guarantee the railroad companies a profit, stockholders their dividends nor creditors a sure means of recovering their money. Nor is the primary object the convenience of the thousands of commuters from the suburbs. What is in the public interest is coordinated local, state and federal action to keep up a means of transportation that will prevent further clogging of arterial highways to population centers and more congestion on big-city streets.

## DISPUTE IN BUFFALO

Financial crises are not unusual in the Catholic Church, but the one in Buffalo, New York, is. As the story is told in the pages of the *National Catholic Reporter*, Bishop James A. McNulty announced to his pastors ten months ago that the diocese was $30 million in debt, and that he wanted a crash program to pay off the debt in just three years. Pastors and parishioners alike were stunned to hear that the diocese's financial condition was not as sound as they had been led to believe, and even more stunned to be pressed into service to pay it off in just three years. The *Reporter* story showed a pattern of resentment by priests and parishioners, and a cutback in contributions. In fact, the story seemed to show the diocese is up in arms over heavy financial demands and feels that the bishop's tactics have been somewhat high-handed.

When contributions dropped, out of protest, the bishop imposed a quota system on parishes which simply aggravated tensions and raised questions of a bishop's right to tax parishes under canon law. An unfortunate situation all around, and apparently a thoroughly unnecessary one. Clearly if pastors and parishioners did not feel that they had been misled as to the diocese's financial condition, and that a harsh solution was being imposed without regard to their wishes, the diocese would not now be so bitterly divided. The people who are being asked (or rather told) to come



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up with $30 million might have been more enthusiastic if they thought their own ideas on the matter were going to be considered. They were not. No voice was given to pastors or parishioners. A decision was simply announced.

No one questions the bishop's right and duty to make the major financial decisions for the diocese. But a heavy price has been paid in this case for making a decision out of the context of what the Church in Buffalo as a whole thought about the situation. Buffalo is not a wealthy diocese, but on the face of it, the attempt to raise $30 million in three years did not seem impossible. It averages out to one dollar per capita per month. There are other burdens on the Catholics of Buffalo, of course, but the manner of the bishop's decision may go as far to explain the reaction as the terms of the decision.

What is missing here is any practical respect for the role of public opinion in the Church, or any sense of "fraternal authority"—the use of authority in such a way as to involve subordinates in decision and promote enthusiasm in implementing it. Leaving aside any specifically Christian arguments, social scientists are arguing that every large organization—armies, governments, corporations—now needs to enlist the consent of the membership to function effectively. "In the modern corporation," writes sociologist Father Andrew Greeley, "compliance is no substitute for consent. . . . The alternative to consent is merely conformity and the modern corporate body needs more than conformity to survive. What it needs is fraternity."

## BUSINESS? AS USUAL

The Johnson Administration's attitude toward economic problems has grown clearer with three recent actions by the government. First, the Administration asked for and has received fast Congressional action on economic legislation. The significant thing about the partial removal of the statutory 25 percent gold cover for U.S. currency is not that Congress voted it but that Congress voted it so swiftly: in three weeks' time.

Second, the Administration continues to strive to avoid all conflict with business, almost to the point of accepting business' cherished "what's-good-for-business-is-good-for-the-country" outlook. This was exemplified in the enormous tax windfall the Treasury handed out to 95 percent of U.S. companies by changing the rules regarding depreciation allowances. These regulations were first liberalized in 1962 under the supposedly "anti-business" Kennedy Administration. The idea was to provide an incentive for business to replace obsolete with modern equipment. The consequent savings in production costs would enable American industries both to hold down prices and to compete in the world market. For years, business spokesmen had been complaining of Europe's lead in plant modernization and pointing to the American standards on depreciation allowances as the villain. As a matter of fact, however, some 60 percent of U.S. companies have not reinvested the tax benefits resulting from the '62 liberalization into new equipment; as a result, they were to meet a stiff tax penalty this year. The Treasury has not only removed the threat of this penalty. It also *further* liberalized the depreciation allowances. If the State Department, instead of the Treasury, were involved, this would be branded the most weak-willed appeasement.

The Treasury action makes *some* sense when seen in the context of the President's plea that business voluntarily curb its investments (and therefore its profits) abroad so as to ease the country's balance of payments deficit. This third action reflects another principle of the Administration's approach to economic decisions: its hope that difficulties can be resolved voluntarily. This hope is not so naive as some commentators have suggested; witness the French method of economic planning. But the French back their plans with an obvious will to take stronger action if voluntary decisions don't suffice. The apparent lack of such will in the Johnson Administration will hardly reinforce a voluntary program about which even business has its doubts. The Johnson Administration is attempting a carrot and stick policy toward business—without the stick.

## BANNING "THE DEPUTY"

In the years following the First Vatican Council, the papacy was truly exposed to hostile public manifestation. Religious processions in Italy were mobbed, the Sacrament outraged. Pius IX was termed a "crowned reptile." Theater-going, anti-clerical Romans drooled over dramas such as "The Mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition," the delights of which might be inferred from the title.

All that has changed. Vatican II sees the Church in a position of surprising prestige. As the Pope's claims to control over sections of Italy and Rome have died, so has the anti-papal sentiment once so widespread in that land. "The Mysteries of the Spanish Inquisition" sounds to us, today, like an archaic curiosity. So does much of the "Syllabus of Errors." And so does the recent banning of "The Deputy" from Rome.

With all due respect to the Italian authorities' interpretation of Article 7 of their Constitution, any visitor to Rome knows that "The Deputy" should rank low on a list of things Roman which are "in conflict" with "the sacred character of the Eternal City" and which, according to Article 7, the "Italian Government will have the duty to prevent." Rather than supporting this silly infringement of free speech, *L'Osservatore Romano,* if not the Pope, ought to ask that the ban be lifted so that the truth of the play's charges could be freely examined. It becomes tiresome—to speaker and audience—to repeat over and over again that truth gains nothing by the suppression of discussion; but that nevertheless is the case. Catholics have no reason to celebrate the banning of "The Deputy."



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## Our Friends, the Poor

The sign over the big motel in Tucson proclaimed, "NITELY AT 8:30 10 12 PM SINGING STAR PETE BRAY DANCING TO THE DON MACEY TRIO WELCOME ANTI-POVERTY CONF COFFEE SHOP OPEN 24 HRS."

On January 25th, the first morning of the two-day Welcome Anti-Poverty Conference, Robert Choate, Jr., of Phoenix, the conference organizer, stood, hidden from the audience by a pillar, waving his arm in a circle at the speaker on the platform in the gesture radio and T.V. producers use to speed up a performance. It was an apt gesture, too, for the entire emphasis of the National Conference on Poverty in the Southwest was directed primarily towards the television cameras that pointed at the platform.

But the man speaking, an official from an Indian tribal group, either had never been on T.V. before and so didn't understand why Choate was waving his arm, or chose to ignore the speedup gesture. He continued talking in the same slow and methodical rhythm.

On the platform behind the Indian sat Sargent Shriver, director of President Johnson's anti-poverty program, who had addressed the opening session of the conference. Shriver had spoken well, as he usually does, telling the large audience that he had come to Tucson to let them, the representatives of the poor, educate him about poverty. Unfortunately, though, he had to catch a plane before the poor spoke for themselves, and never did hear what they had to say.

Shriver's speech was followed by talks from "regional experts representing the four major ethnic groups of the Southwest," with one of the four being the Indian. After they had finished, urged on continually by Choate, Archbishop Robert Lucey of San Antonio spoke on the moral problems of poverty, and the conference adjourned for a box lunch on the patio of the Tucson Music Center where most of the sessions were held.

The afternoon of the first day was scheduled to be the high point of the conference, which was sponsored by forty-five religious, union, and civic groups, including at least nine Catholic ones. According to the program, that afternoon the audience was going to hear "the personal views of more than fifteen persons intimately acquainted with poverty in the Southwest." The phrase "intimately acquainted with poverty" was a euphemism to describe poor people.

Each of the fifteen speakers was allotted five minutes to talk before the audience, the cameras, and a group of eleven "Honored Panelists," who were designated as "potential leaders in the war on poverty." This group, which sat behind long tables with name charts in front of them, much like a T.V. quiz show, included Steve Allen, Burke Marshall, formerly of the Justice Department, David Danzig of the American Jewish Committee, Henry Saltzman of the Ford Foundation, and Michael Harrington.

But the panel members rarely had time to develop any of the points made by the speakers. Father James Vizzard, S.J., of the National Council on Agricultural Life and Labor, chairman of the session, was forced to keep a close watch on the time, cutting off those who exceeded their five-minute allottment and allowing only a few questions to each speaker from the panelists. It was the clock and not the content of what the people said that determined how long they talked, for this conference was organized so efficiently and so tightly that if you bent down to tie a shoelace you were likely to never get quite caught up again with what was happening.

Indeed, from the start of the conference planning, the notion of a "war" on poverty was taken so seriously that the two-day session moved along with military precision. Delegates were registered in an assembly line operation that ended with their receiving a badge in one of six different colors, depending on their affiliation and status. Those from public agencies were given yellow badges, while those from private organizations wore blue ones. Representatives of the Office of Economic Opportunity sported "salmon pink" nametags; the conference steering committee members and advisors were pinned in white; the conference directors also wore white badges, but theirs had a long blue ribbon attached to distinguish them from the Honored Panelists, whose ribbons were red, and the staff, whose color combination was white with yellow. "Other guests" sported gray badges, and there was also one group of people wearing green name badges.

They were the poor people, designated either as "Specially invited Southwestern guests," or as "subsidized guests," brought to the conference with funds supplied by the Office of Economic Opportunity. The program noted that "subsidized guests should attend all events," and they were instructed, in a separate sheet given them on their arrival, not to lose their meal chits which could only be used at designated hotels. And lest they forget the purpose for which they were brought to the conference, the instruction sheet ended with "We ask that you attend all sessions."

Perhaps it seems unfair to criticize, in this manner, people of good will, such as Choate, who arranged the conference. After all, isn't it better to have a conference where the speakers talk to some poor persons, at least, rather than just address audiences like themselves? And what's so unreasonable about asking people whose expenses have been paid to attend all sessions? What's wrong with giving the poor meal chits to make certain that they don't order a very dry martini, with a twist, and use Beefeater gin, please?

There is something wrong. The conference organizers displayed, despite their good will, a characteristic paternalism towards the poor in the small gestures like giving



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them meal chits instead of money, and, more importantly, in the substantive design of the program.

The poor were put on display at the conference. Their appearance was designed to be the smash first act curtain number of the whole production. They were manipulated. The ones who spoke, most of them movingly, of the conditions under which they live, had been carefully screened first. They had to write out their speech in advance, or at least make a tape recording of it so that the conference organizers could select those poor people whose stories would have the most appeal and could make that appeal most effectively. No opportunity was given *them* to decide who should represent them or what should be said.

But special responsibility existed for the conference organizers to allow the poor to really speak for themselves at this conference, for without the presence of these "subsidized guests," the sessions would have been not one bit different from the scores of meetings about poverty other well-meaning groups and individuals are sponsoring. Hubert Humphrey's speech at the conference said nothing that hasn't been said before, and none of the panelists were given the chance to say anything of importance, either, although some of them were obviously capable of doing so.

Undoubtedly, the conference tried to serve a good purpose in trying to bring the problem of poverty in the southwest before the public. But it would have been far more worthwhile if, instead of the poor being used as a publicity gimmick, they had been given a real opportunity to discuss their ideas of how to solve the problems they face. Undoubtedly, then the conference might not have moved so smoothly; the people might have spoken fumblingly, with hesitation, and the conference organizers would have grown very impatient over the inefficiency of the operation. But at least the poor would not have been patronized, and might, in fact, have educated those who speak for them.

PAUL JACOBS

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**WASHINGTON REPORT**

# THE PRICE OF RETREAT

The really significant development in Asia in recent weeks has not been the American raids on North Vietnam, but the disclosure on February 16 that Red China is preparing its second nuclear test.

If China is permitted to become a full-fledged nuclear power, the present arguments over Vietnam will be rendered meaningless. It will then be too risky for the United States to try to maintain pro-Western positions of power and influence along the perimeter of China. South Korea, Okinawa, Formosa, and South Vietnam will then become hostages to Chinese nuclear power in much the same way that West Berlin is held captive by Russian nuclear power. The United States is able to protect the freedom of West Berlin because it has repeatedly demonstrated to the Russians that we would, if necessary, enter World War III to prevent the city's loss. We have made this determination because West Berlin is the crucial test of our position in Western Europe and, in turn, Western Europe is regarded as essential to the freedom and security of the United States. But is the U.S. prepared to make such a fateful link between our destiny and that of South Korea or South Vietnam?

The answer is almost certainly not. These small states are not in themselves valuable nor do they stand at the access routes—as West Berlin does in Europe—to a region that has immense military, economic, and spiritual significance for Americans. This is not to say that the destruction of American influence in the western Pacific would not be a grave defeat for this country; it would. But it would be neither so visible nor so profoundly moving to Americans as a defeat on a comparable scale would be in Europe. In 1946-49, we made heroic efforts to save Italy, France and its neighbors from economic collapse and Communist takeover; we did not make comparable efforts to save China from the same fate.

Since the Communists came to power in China in 1949, we have been able to hold them at bay at relatively cheap cost to ourselves. It has been cheap because the U.S. has had a nuclear umbrella and the Chinese have not. Under that umbrella, the U.S. has been able to send its fleet at will through any part of the Pacific. It has been able to land troops in South Korea and South Vietnam and to protect the Chinese Nationalists on Formosa from attack without fear of Chinese Communist intervention. That will all change once the Chinese have a supply of bombs and the rudimentary missile system needed to launch them. That time may be only 18 months to two years away. From then on, the Chinese will be able to destroy the American 7th Fleet with the delivery of a single bomb. They will be able to confront the Nationalists on Formosa with the grim choice—surrender or be obliterated. Japan and India, the only two large, viable, democratic countries in Asia, will have only a slightly wider range of choice: (1) become full-fledged American allies permitting the establishment of U.S. nuclear bases on their soil, (2) develop their own nuclear bombs, or (3) take refuge in a precarious neutrality which will last only as long as it is in the interest and convenience of Communist China to permit it to last. As for Southeast Asia and Indonesia, they will pass under effective Chinese domination with relative ease.



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Those critics who are blithely telling President Johnson to pull out of Vietnam are giving him the worst possible advice. If the Americans are going to retreat when their enemy is only bluffing and does not yet have a perfected bomb and delivery system, the Chinese Communists could only logically come to one conclusion—if we can make such gains when we are weak, we will make prodigious gains once we are much stronger and have the bomb to back up our threats and intimidation. It took a nuclear showdown to make the Russians back away in Cuba. How many nuclear showdowns will it take to convince the Chinese that we mean business? To retreat before the Chinese now would be infinitely more dangerous than to stand up to them now. Yet the many sincere people who advocate appeasement and withdrawal undoubtedly think of themselves as the genuine men of peace.

### *Justifying the Raids*

An enormous amount of time and newsprint has been squandered in recent weeks in arguing whether the Viet Cong raid on Pleiku was sufficiently different from past attacks to justify the U.S. raids on North Vietnam. Much has been made of the fact that the local Vietnamese people did not warn the Americans that the raid was being prepared and of the further fact that the mortars which the Communists used had earlier been captured from the Americans. It has been pointed out that air raids on North Vietnam will not necessarily defeat guerrillas on the ground in South Vietnam. Questions have even been raised as to whether the guerrillas in the South are directed by the Communists in the North.

These issues are all secondary and most of them are irrelevant. The peasants failed to warn the Americans of the forthcoming raid because the Communists have a terrifyingly efficient system of repression and retaliation. The peasants have been terrorized and they will remain terrorized until the Communists are defeated. The Americans who tut-tut about the failure of the peasants to give warning never seem to recall the hundreds of village chiefs, teachers, and doctors whom the Communists have murdered over the years as part of their systematic, long-range plan to destroy the natural leaders and the will-to-resist of the peasants. The large political conclusions which these observers draw are as empty as their own memories.

U.S. intelligence officers now believe the mortars used were among those captured by the Communists—not in Vietnam—but in Korea more than a decade ago. If this speculation is sound, it would tend to confirm the belief that the raid was masterminded from the North. But this is not really very important. All guerrilla forces live off the land and, wherever possible, off captured equipment.

The important issue is that the guerrillas are Communists working under the direction of the Communist government in North Vietnam and that this government receives help from, and is in close contact with the two big Communist powers, China and Russia. It surely should not be necessary to belabor the obvious point that if the United States admits military defeat at the hands of the guerrillas and withdraws from Vietnam, every Communist state and party and faction will take some satisfaction from that event and draw from it certain conclusions, all of them adverse to our interests and safety. Yet it *is* necessary to mention this point since the same fairy-tale mongers who have been saying for a decade or more that the cold war is over are now promoting the illusion that the war in Vietnam can be judged as an isolated phenomenon. The truth is that an American defeat in Vietnam will embolden the Communists and their allies around the world—in Zanzibar and the Congo, in Cuba and Venezuela, in Italy and France, and most of all in Moscow and Peking.

Those who oppose this view clutch at the hope that the Russians will block the Chinese from Southeast Asia and that Premier Kosygin travelled to Hanoi with that purpose in mind. But as Professor Z. Brzezinski, director of the Research Institute on Communist Affairs at Columbia University, has pointed out, it is at least equally plausible that the Russians had reluctantly concluded that the Chinese were right in their argument that "struggles of national liberation" are the surest way to worldwide Communist victory and that Khrushchev's fears of American strength were exaggerated. "Accordingly, the Soviet leaders decided to revive their links with the more revolutionary factions of the Communist movement even while trying to maintain the *detente* elsewhere."

It is important that the Russians not get this dangerous notion confirmed. We do not want them to unlearn the lesson imparted in the Cuban crisis of October, 1962.

Another argument put forward by those who want to retreat in Vietnam is that the U.S. is trying to act as "God's policeman" imposing order around the globe. Accepting the stated terms of this metaphor, we need to ask ourselves—how does a police department maintain order? It does not saturate every neighborhood with police or even patrol every lock. On the contrary, it arrests enough criminals and breaks up enough criminal activity at various points to make it safe for law-abiding citizens to go about their business at all points. To shift to a military metaphor, if the U.S. wins a decisive cold war victory on one front, it will have a deterring effect on the enemies of freedom on all fronts.

As matters now stand, the U.S. cannot win the war in Vietnam if it confines its efforts to the Southern half of the country. It must make the North Vietnamese willing to accept a defeat. This means, if necessary, making North Vietnam's patron—China—accept a defeat. China is still too weak to wage a full-scale war on the U.S. Its nuclear plants and its military installations are vulnerable to American air attack. If the United States acts firmly now, we will not have to worry five or ten years from now about those Chinese threats to atom bomb Honolulu and San Francisco.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON



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# THE COUNCIL AND THE BOMB

JAMES DOUGLASS

The Council Fathers spent about an hour in all, during the mornings of last November 9 and 10, discussing the moral problem of nuclear war. One speaker pointed out that the issue before them was capable of swallowing up the Council's pastoral achievements—together with most of the human race—but he received little response in either the aula or the press. From the assembly of more than two thousand Fathers, 18 had asked to speak on war and peace in the debate on Schema 13. Eight, presumably representative of the range of opinions, were granted the opportunity, and one of them used it to extol brotherly love without referring to the specific issue of war.

Father Arthur McCormack has noted that after the First Vatican Council, which ignored the industrial revolution and its social consequences, the workers could hardly lift their eyes from their misery to rejoice in the definition of papal infallibility. It is questionable whether the Church in Vatican II, by spending an hour of debate on the threat of man's global self-destruction, has shown a deep enough concern for the world to be worthy even today of the dialogue she so much desires with it.

The principal and virtually only point of contention among the Fathers was over how comprehensive the schema's condemnation of nuclear weapons should be. The draft of the schema condemned such weapons in the following terms: "the use of arms, especially nuclear weapons, whose effects are greater than can be calculated, and hence cannot be rationally controlled by men, exceeds all just proportion and therefore must be judged before God and men as most wicked."

Cardinal Alfrink, the first of the seven speakers to treat the question, was in favor of strengthening this statement to a clear and absolute condemnation of any and all nuclear weapons so that a so-called "clean bomb" could not be said to lie outside it. Patriarch Maximos IV and Bishop Guilhem of France also called for an absolute condemnation; and, following a recurring thought of Popes John and Paul, both appealed for a redirection of the billions being spent for armaments to the aid of that two-thirds of the world suffering from hunger and poverty. Bishop Hengsbach of Germany asked simply that the schema go beyond Pius XII's and John's pronouncements, and Bishop Ancel of France was concerned with pointing out an apparent contradiction in the text. The two remaining Fathers, Archbishop Beck of Liverpool and Bishop Hannan of Washington, believed that nuclear weapons could be used to wage a just war according to theological principles and drew on certain military data to support their arguments.

### *Conscientious Objection*

Taken as a whole, the primary characteristics of the discussion were brevity and omission. Some of the problem's aspects which the speakers failed to touch on were the right to conscientious objection, Catholics' past participation in enormous war crimes by an unquestioning submission to authority, the possibility of non-violent resistance to an aggressor, the Church's role in a deeply divided world, a theology of peace, and the relevance, if any, of the life and teaching of Christ to the possibility of reducing man and creation to a smoldering dump of ashes.

The support of a majority of the speakers for a stronger statement against nuclear weapons provoked a question as to the Council's competence for such a statement. At the American Bishops Press Panel, Monsignor George Higgins insisted that the Council lacked the technical competence to make any judgment on nuclear weapons and that an attempt to solve some extremely complex problems in a few words would be "demagogic."

Taking a similar position, Bishop Hannan's intervention

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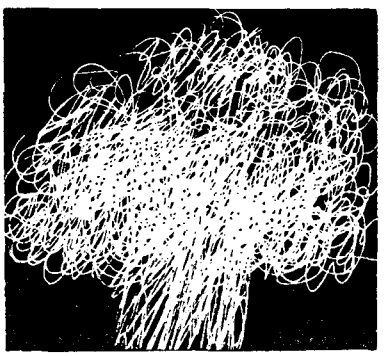
corresponded at several points to the views of six Americans belonging to the State Department, Defense Department, and Catholic Association for International Peace, who had submitted a critique on the schema to the commission responsible for it. They advised, among other things, that the effects of nuclear weapons are certainly not greater than can be calculated, so that the schema's condemnation was meaningless.

This objection had the one value of calling attention to the schema's use of the terms "incalculable" and "uncontrollable," which seemed to suggest a technical judgment, thus inviting such rebuttals by weapons analysts and a technical debate that could only end by deadening the document's moral impact. The terms themselves were unnecessary to the prohibition and failed to make clear that the kind of "control" at stake in the issue was specifically moral: not a measurement of the physical effects of a weapon which might in fact have obliterated a city, but rather the traditionally taught duty in justice to distinguish a military from a civilian target, combatants from non-combatants, soldiers from civilians. The text stood in need of revision, therefore, to show clearly that its key notion was not the technical category, "nuclear," nor the technically suggestive "incalculable and uncontrollable weapons," but instead the underlying, morally definable category of indiscriminate killing by weapons of total war, whether they be nuclear or "conventional."

### *Toward Moral Precision*

At the same time the appeal by several Fathers for a universal condemnation of nuclear weapons as such reflected their prudent recognition of the near-identity in the practical order of such weapons with total war. Their approach had the value of recalling the fact that the schema was, after all, not being addressed to moral theologians and weapons technicians, nor even only Christians, but to "all of God's children." Besides being morally precise, the schema had to be rhetorically effective—its purpose was to speak to the world.

Unfortunately none of the speakers showed enough awareness of both of these requirements, moral precision and rhetorical effectiveness, to propose an amendment that would satisfy each. This could have been done by a condemnation of the methods of total war (the use of massive weapons which strike indiscriminately at combatants and non-combatants) but specifying nuclear weapons as chief among them, thus showing the statement's practical relevance but qualifying the practical term by a distinctly moral category. The question of technical competence would then be beside the point, since the basis for judgment would be a practical, moral distinction applicable to every weapon of war, and the object of judgment, total war, a moral category cutting across all nuclear and conventional boundaries. The specification of nuclear weapons would indicate the statement's primary application but would remain subject to the ruling moral category. The use of any nuclear weapon, "clean" or not, "strategic" or "tactical," would fall under the prohibition unless its use could be shown to be of a different moral character. In short, the burden of moral proof would rest on those who fire the missiles, not on those at the point of impact.



But although none of the speakers combined the elements of a precise, meaningful declaration, the support of the majority for a stronger statement, whatever its form, reflected their concern for the rights to life and home of the innocent in the face of a massive threat to both. It must be admitted that the Church's moral tradition on war has certain grave inadequacies, particularly in the area of authority and personal responsibility; but the inviolability of the innocent, as one Catholic writer his put it, has been the one hard and inerodible diamond of the Christian tradition. This moral protection of innocent life has been an integral part of the Church's teaching wherever the right to life has been threatened, from abortion to obliteration bombing.

For this reason, the Church's traditional defense of innocent life combined with the unprecedented threat to life everywhere from nuclear weapons, the interventions by Bishop Hannan and Archbishop Beck struck many as being preoccupied with the wrong problems. Bishop Hannan's objection to any conciliar declaration against nuclear weapons—"that there now exist nuclear weapons which have a very precise limit of destruction"—is true enough but of questionable relevance. It ignores the fact that each of the several thousand strategic weapons composing the backbone of nuclear deterrent forces has a destructive power towering over the Hiroshima bomb and in many cases greater than the explosive force of the entire Second World War. Even the relatively small tactical weapons defended by the Bishop constitute together in Western Europe, quite apart from our strategic forces, "a combined explosive strength of more than 10,000 times the force of the nuclear weapons used to end the Second World War," to use Secretary McNamara's description in 1963. The Washington bishop's recommendation that "theologians must be acquainted with the facts about modern weapons, including nuclear weapons, or they must be willing to secure the facts" is equally applicable to those members of the hierarchy who speak out on the question.



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Archbishop Beck's intervention moved between opposite poles, reflecting the conflicting tendencies of one English school of theologians on the question of nuclear war. The intervention acknowledged in an opening paragraph that the direct killing of the innocent is "intrinsically evil" but failed to relate this principle to the later conclusion that "in certain circumstances peace can be assured only by what has been called the 'balance of terror.'" The speech also recognized the vast destructive power of most nuclear weapons but hypothesized situations in which these might be used legitimately, as in the outer atmosphere, so that the Council should not condemn the possession and use of these weapons as essentially and necessarily evil.

Archbishop Beck's defense of the "balance of terror" raised the question which even more than actual war is central to the moral problem of nuclear weapons: a total-war deterrent. But the Archbishop's defense of the nuclear deterrent on the grounds that it has "succeeded in keeping peace however tentative" only repeated the standard political argument for the morally dubious act of threatening genocide. On the morality of deterrence the speakers were either silent or so effusive in condemning it, in the case of Maximos IV, that the point was difficult to define. The schema itself was disapproving but evasive: "There is no true peace if wars are postponed only by a parity of weapons for spreading terror rather than by a sincere spirit of cooperation and concord." No effort was made in the schema to relate deterrence to the declaration against nuclear weapons.

This is, however, neither the only nor perhaps even the most important action possible to the Council on this question. Among those who were not granted the opportunity to speak was Archbishop Roberts, whose intervention, submitted in writing, stressed a different dimension of the problem, the right of conscientious objection.

Due mainly to the courageous, persevering efforts of Archbishop Roberts himself (and the quiet work in Rome of Jean and Hildegard Goss, Catholic members of the International Fellowship of Reconciliation), a statement on conscientious objection made its way into the adnexa to Schema 13. The statement recommended that the laws of the state respect those who "on account of either a witness to Christian principle or a certain reverence toward human life refuse military service in war on the grounds of conscience." In his intervention Archbishop Roberts asked that the statement be transferred from the adnexa to the schema in a clearer, firmer wording.

Archbishop Roberts' stress on the person's right to bear witness to his conscience introduces the dimension of action in which the Church can begin to respond to global war in a way that is more Christian than juridical. It also indicates a way out of the apparently insoluble dilemma which has become popular through efforts to harmonize nuclear strategy with traditional morality. The starting point of all such efforts has been the question: What can Western governments do when faced by the two threatening injustices of Communist aggression and their own thermonuclear means of destruction? The answers have been variations on the theme that the West can only resist one injustice by the other, that it can only deter aggression by continuing to threaten nuclear retaliation. The dilemma is therefore how to resist Communism by nuclear weapons without losing our own moral identity. The role of the Christian in this framework has been to see to it that, if the moment of truth does come, steps be taken to destroy the world and mankind as little as possible.

### *Individual Conscience*

Archbishop Roberts' approach is centered not on Western governments but on the Christian as a person responsible to Christ. His starting point is the question: What can the Christian do when faced by these two injustices, Communism and mass destruction? The answer, not so surprisingly in this perspective, is that the Christian must resist both injustices, and moreover, that he must do so primarily by drawing on those sources and ways of action which define his identity as a follower of Christ. These have their strength rooted in the Christian's conscience, which beneath political slogans, military threats, and philosophies which more often obscure than define the motives behind them, is the basic reality at stake in the East-West conflict. It is conscience, and the extent to which its power is explored, that will determine the outcome of the most fundamental struggle: between those who are peacemakers in the deepest Christian sense and those whose orientation in life impels them toward war.

In order to recall the Christian conscience to its responsibility in the face of global war, the Church herself must first acknowledge its right to an effective moral judgment. For the person's responsibility for his own actions in war and his right to conscientious objection have been neglected to the point of scandal in the recent teaching and history of the Church, from the submersion of the Catholic conscience in Hitler's war effort to its unquestioning role in Allied atrocities at Dresden and Hiroshima.

The text of Schema 13 did little to fill this vacuum when, after condemning nuclear weapons, it gave no counsel to the Christian ordered to use such arms. The adnexa's statement on conscientious objection, besides being relegated to an appendix, received less weight still by the emphatic reaffirmation in the same paragraph of the most abused rule in just-war casuistry: the presumption of right in war to government authorities. In view of the stress given this rule in the past and the consequent moral tragedies in the context of modern nationalism, its right to a place anywhere in the schema or adnexa should have been questioned severely, particularly in conjunction with the Church's long-overdue recognition of conscientious objection.

To restore to the Christian conscience its power to resist and counterbalance the enormous energy being expended on genocidal weapons, the Council could reinforce an affirm-



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ation of the right of conscientious objection in the schema proper by directing Christians toward a rediscovery of the Scriptural roots for a personal witness to peace. These are not hard to find—they constitute an essential part of the Gospel—but their relevance to war, and to modern war in particular, has been obscured by a scholastic ethic whose interpretation of the Gospels has involved a systematic de-emphasis of Christ's teaching of non-violence. The meaning of these Gospel texts has been obvious enough to men like Gandhi to provoke wonder at Christians who would fit them into a just-war ethic. In view of the Church's deepening understanding of Scripture and of the nations' deepening involvements in the machinery of total war, there would be nothing imprudent in the Council's support of a Christian dedication to total peace, especially by a recommendation in the schema that each Christian explore in conscience the non-violent love and teaching of Christ. The subsequent impact of the Prince of Peace on the course of history might well be greater than it has been through the just-war doctrine.

To the objection that such an approach could lessen Christian participation in certain sectors of the political order, the answer is that the scholastic ethic itself bears with it a hard recognition, untempered by any priorities in a fight against an external enemy: that to the extent—and no further—that nations are committed to murderous means of defense, the political order has become divorced from the moral order, and Caesar from the Christian's allegiance to God and man. The split between these two normally converging orders is a wound extending to the heart of the body politic and into the conscience of each citizen aware of the price set today on national security. It is a wound that will only go deeper through those efforts which in fact sacrifice the moral order to the political. The Christian ministers to this wound through the service of reconciliation: resisting injustice wherever he encounters it, making peace in the world as one in-formed by the life and teaching of Christ, and widening that community of love and reconciliation which is the Church in her fidelity to God. If this service must sometimes be performed elsewhere than at the center of the political order, its ultimate effect on that order is no less for its obedience to the Lord of History.

*A Loss of $1.7 Billion*

# THE DOCK STRIKE

**THOMAS R. BROOKS**

Four weeks is a long time to be out on strike. Especially so when, as in the recent dock strike, there seemed to be no purpose behind the walkout. The strike puzzled many long-time observers of the waterfront scene. It even prompted the normally level-headed Assistant Secretary of Labor James L. Reynolds to accuse the Communists of fomenting the stoppage. The strike did tie up 775 ships in Atlantic and Gulf Coast ports from Maine to Texas at an estimated economic loss of $1.7 billion. To the casual reader of the daily newspapers, it must have seemed an unnecessary loss, indeed.

Certainly, no one could have faulted ILA president Thomas "Teddy" W. Gleason when he announced at the conclusion of negotiations in December, "The best contract we ever made." The contract capped the remarkable reform of the ILA, a ten-year progression from a collection of racket-ridden baronies to modern unionism. It is as though the Mets next season were to rise to the top of the League and stay there. We all expected Walter P. Reuther and his socially conscious United Auto Workers to make the breakthrough that would bring the working class to a safe haven of the salaried. The UAW did, of course, open up a crack with its guaranteed annual wage in the form of supplementary unemployment benefits. But the racket-tarnished ILA has gone the distance. Under the new four-year contract, on April 1, 1966, the dockworker with 700 hours of work to his credit (two-thirds of the 20,000 men working on Port of New York docks now average 1,200 hours of work a year) will be guaranteed 1,600 hours of work a year, the equivalent of a salary of $5,800 a year.

### *Change on the Waterfront*

True, the employers managed to budge the ILA from its old, stubborn opposition to change. For example, one stumbling block to a settlement was the assignment of checkers, the men who tally up the cargo against the bill of lading. Over the years it became the practice to assign checkers to one type of cargo. A checker, for example, assigned to checking automobiles in a shipment could not be reassigned to other cargoes even though his original assignment might be finished in an hour or so. Now under

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the new agreement, employers may utilize checkers to tally any type of cargo once his original "detail" is finished.

The employers also secured a reduction in gang size, once an untouchable matter for the ILA, from 20 to 17. Change, clearly, has come to the waterfront. But it has arrived on the ILA's terms. The reduction in gang size is to take place by attrition over two years. (The current attrition rate is estimated at 1,400 a year.) No docker will lose his job as a result. To ensure this, the ILA has forced the closing of the register. The register is the list of men licensed by the Waterfront Commission for work on the New York and Jersey piers. No new men are to be added to the Port of New York workforce—this is implicit in the terms of the new agreement—unless the ILA and shipping management agree on the need.

The ILA, moreover, managed to wrap up a number of benefits in an 80-cent package, including a pension boost of $75 a month above the former $100 a month level, three additional paid holidays making a total of twelve as well as improvements in hospitalization and medical care. The package also called for a 10-cent-an-hour wage increase retroactive to October 1, 1964, 10 cents more the next year, and 8 cents additional each of the last two years of the agreement, making a total of 36 cents above the old hourly rate of $3.26.

It was, everyone agreed, an attractive deal. But on January 8, Port of New York dockers voted 8,861 to 7,960 to reject the "best ever" contract. The strike started January 10 and dragged on. What happened?

### *Behind the Strikes*

Actually, two strikes occurred. One, that of the Port of New York, took place because, as harassed Teddy Gleason explained to newsmen, "There was a misunderstanding of the benefits contained in the package." The other, that of the out-ports, occurred over employer refusals to bring the out-port conditions more in line with those of New York. The dock workers, observing an old ILA tradition that calls for a shutdown of all ports until all contracts are settled, remained off the piers.

Gleason's explanation of the New York rejection is, of course, greatly simplified. The dockers were suspicious and uninformed. The past record of the union is not one to build trust among the rank-and-file. The reduction of the work gang aroused fears of a lay-off and unemployment in an industry where only in the last few years have workers come to expect anything like steady work. Also, in December, the dockers had rejected on the recommendation of their leaders an employer offer made at the close of a Taft-Hartley 80-day injunction period. Many felt that the new contract terms merely represented "a polishing up" of the old. Others were angry over what they believed was an attempt to sneak-by a dues increase. The old contract called for the check-off of one cent an hour for each man-hour worked. This was raised to two cents in the new agreement. The additional penny, according to Gleason, was needed to help clear up ILA debts and to improve services to ILA members.

But in most of the Manhattan and New Jersey ILA locals no one bothered to inform the members of the progress of negotiations or of the details of the new pact. This, in part, reflected a traditional lethargy, or a belief by some of the older leaders that "the men will do what I tell 'em." But it also reflected an inter-union leadership struggle between the old-timers, the "troglodytes," and the new men on the waterfront, the "neanderthals." (So help me, that's what someone has dubbed the two factions.) The new contract is a victory for the "neanderthals," the younger leadership headed by Anthony Scotto, the 30-year-old president of Brooklyn Local 1814, the largest within the ILA. The failure to inform, in this context, was an attempt to embarrass the Scottos and the Bowers. John Bowers, head of Manhattan Local 824, and Scotto worked closely with Assistant Secretary of Labor Reynolds developing the terms of the new contract. Significantly, Scotto's local, which was kept informed about developments, voted heavily in favor of the agreement the first and second time around.

"People," Bowers explained to newsmen, "don't understand this union any more." Bowers' Local 824 is the old "Pistol Local," formerly run by Sonny "Machine Gun" Campbell and John "Cockeye" Dunn. "People think," Bowers said, "that you just come over here and shut the men up and make them do what you want. I told the shippers I can't get out there with a baseball bat anymore. Those days are gone."

If not gone, they are numbered. The union prepared for a second vote on the new contract by sending out "truth squads" to cover the waterfront. It also mailed out 20,000 "home study" pamphlets of four pages detailing the benefits won. Gleason went on the radio to explain the terms of the contract. Petitions were circulated asking for a new vote.

A little education, in this instance, proved impressive. On January 21, the Port of New York dockers reversed themselves by a vote of 12,105 to 5,236.

### *Outside New York*

In the meantime, however, separate talks in the out-ports bogged down. The shipping industry in New York bargains for a master agreement which usually serves as a pattern for all but local matters in Atlantic ports as far south as Hampton Roads, Va. In Philadelphia, for example, employers balked at the yearly guarantee of work while insisting on a cut in the size of the work gang. In the west Gulf ports where there are no gang sizes, negotiations broke down over the ILA's insistence on the establishment of an 18-man gang. Philadelphia finally settled on a 1,500 hours a year guarantee and a reduction from 22 to 19 in gang size.

The west Gulf coast negotiations, however, remained deadlocked. "We've been getting pushed around for a long



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time by the international to go back to work after the locals in the East settle," said Willie C. Wells, president of Houston Local 1273, explaining the deadlock. "The men are going to be tough this time, and we are going to stay out until we can get enough to help us to catch up to the conditions in the East."

This pressure to equalize conditions—in most ports the hourly rate is equal—explains the continuing of the tie-up beyond the changed vote in New York. "Longshoremen," explains Anthony Scotto, "belong to but one union, and they refuse to undermine one another."

Yet, as the strike stretched out, the pressure for return in the ports where the union and employers had reached agreement began to mount. To break the impasse in Philadelphia, Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz made a hurried visit at the request of President Johnson "to point out the seriousness of the situation." New York shippers grumbled and Congressmen began to talk about compulsory arbitration. The strike was enjoined last fall for eighty days and technically there was little the President could do except turn to Congress for special legislation.

The ILA was reluctant to depart from its traditional rule of not working until all ports had settled. But once Philadelphia settled, this reluctance began to melt away, or so it seemed. The Brooklyn local had already voted to return to work if and when Philadelphia settled. Scotto admitted that this was a departure from the old ways but he argued that a selective boycott in working ports of the four companies with branch operations in Texas ports frustrating a Gulf settlement would be more effective than continuing the two coast walkout. It would also avoid Congressional intervention and end all threat of compulsory arbitration. But Scotto had trouble convincing his fellow ILA officials of the wisdom of this strategy. And as a result, President Johnson has had to bring pressure on the ILA to wind up the walkout.

### *The Future*

Could the strike have been avoided? Was it worth it? The longshoremen of New York actually lost heavily as a result of their own hasty rejection of what seems to be a sound agreement. Yet, in the light of their own practices and traditions they would have had to walk off the piers until the out-ports settled in any event. And, the "second strike" did secure gains for out-port dockers though it did little for the Port of New York. Scotto's selective boycott technique may work on employers with interests in the west Gulf ports but it may not have worked with Philadelphia employers.

The strike and its aftermath no doubt will give further impetus to modernization on the waterfront in both loading techniques and in labor-management relations. "We've made a hell of a case for national bargaining," says Scotto. And, there's no question but the union will now drive for the kind of bargaining accepted by so much of American industry. Instead of niggling port-by-port, the ILA, if Scotto has his way, will extend the basic New York Shipping Association agreement to cover more and more of the ports.

In any event, the union and the shippers have four years to work out their problems. It remains to be seen whether or not they will take advantage of the time allowed.

JOHN C. MEAGHER

## *IN LENT*

Because in the garden my glad eye knows
(I have not seen with my heart as yet)
That every flower is not the rose
A glory clings to the violet.

From clay and dust where the fire burned
(Who can know where the Spirit blows?)
And not from the garden, I have learned
To kiss the violet and the rose.

Taste of the apple, taste of the pear
(All that is left when the blossoms die)
Lilt on the tongue while the tongue can bear:
My bread is sweet when my bowels cry.

The heart's bright blossoming can bless,
(And vinegar waits within the wine)
But ripe joy rots, and weariness
Tears the rose on the rose's spine.

I have eaten the holy Bread.
(Angels are splendor about the Throne)
And what was Christ then turned instead
To dung as well as to flesh and bone.

A life of straw is an ugly thing
(The bed was harsh where the infant lay)
Unless it know this comforting:
This is a world of dust and clay.

Guarded from treasons of flesh and mind,
(Straw learns from fire its lowly place)
How can Adam know his kind
Till heart and sinew must cry for grace?

Through pain there is yet some sweetness born
(Thus shall the sons of Adam bless)
And the truth that bites us like a thorn
Yet makes us praise that we are not less.

Pain's fruit alone makes Adam free
(Eden protects but cannot save)
And from Christ shattered upon the tree
Comes Christ transfigured beyond the grave.



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*The New Republic*

# FACES OF FIVE DECADES

**ROBERT LEKACHMAN**

On April 19, 1914 twenty-one men sat down to a pleasant dinner of Smith Island Oysters, Chicken Gumbo Soup, Shad, Spring Lamb, Asparagus, Cheese, and Coffee. The place was New York's Players Club and the diners included Walter Lippmann, Felix Frankfurter, Herbert Croly, Francis Hackett, and Willard Straight. At this dinner the *New Republic* was organized and soon afterward its New York office was opened. In the ensuing half century the magazine has moved from New York to Washington, control has passed from the Straight family to Gilbert A. Harrison, its present editor, its price has ascended from 10 cents to 35 cents, and its typography and format have gone through a number of changes.

Still, more than most magazines the *New Republic* has displayed consistency of attitude and literary standard. Much of the interest of its fiftieth birthday anthology—(*Faces of Five Decades,* Simon and Schuster, $7.95)—is in the identification of the nature of this very consistency. How does one define a periodical's character? When Edward Hyams came to select the items for the anthology that he arranged in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the *New Statesman,* a magazine with some parallels in time and function to the *New Republic,* he guided himself by reference to the theme of "new statesmanship."

This frame of mind, in Hyams' words, was both "hard-minded and soft-hearted. With sympathy, it seeks to improve the general lot; but it seeks to do so intelligently. In its journalistic manifestation, moreover, it seeks to do so . . . yes, the word is entertainingly." Friends might comment that the stress upon general intelligence and the absence of ideological constraint were typically English; critics might allege that the *New Statesman* has not always been very New Statesman-like, notably in its long—only recently terminated—vendetta against all things American and its lingering tendency to give Russia the benefit of all available doubts.

Is there such a thing as "new republicanship"? In his preface to the recent anniversary anthology, Gilbert Harrison quotes Herbert Croly's prescription for the magazine of which he was founding editor. In his judgment the success of this kind of journalism depended upon "the maintenance of an extremely delicate balance between being specific and being general, being aggressive and conciliatory, and between being practical and being visionary."

Not the easiest of formulas. Croly himself did not think that the weekly issues could "be more than occasionally successful." Croly's austere prescription carried with it the strain of applying judicious, discriminating intelligence to each public figure and each public issue, without the bolstering influence of either a dogmatic credo or a beckoning Utopian vision. The good new republican was open to solutions from any source and ideas of any origin. No wonder that for a spell during the 1930s the *New Republic,* lapsing from its own standards, "flirted with collectivism," as Arthur Schlesinger Jr. delicately phrases the event, in one of the short introductions which precede the selections from each of the five decades. But if in the company of a large proportion of other liberal intellectuals the editors of the *New Republic* lapsed into a foolish admiration of Soviet Russia, they recovered their poise in short order and attached themselves once more to the melioristic program of Franklin Roosevelt.

## *Heroes and Villains*

At its best skeptical, wary, and pragmatic, the magazine has selected heroes and villains who exemplify its preferences. The heroes and heroines are rational experimenters in the arts, inspired performers, enlightened politicians, and liberal-minded jurists, mixed with a saint or two and an occasional thinker of distinction. Its villains have included prejudiced judges, Southern juries, the crass rich, and fools in every walk of life.

It is a trifle astonishing to note just how many times the *New Republic* has paused to praise. In the arts there are admiring portraits of Stravinsky, Duse, Picasso, Ring Lardner, James Joyce, Eugene O'Neill and E. M. Forster. On some occasions praise came early enough in the career of the subject to attest to the magazine's prescience. Political heroes include George W. Norris, Franklin Roosevelt, Nehru, Adlai Stevenson, J. F. Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson. Thinkers and jurists favored by the journal number in their ranks John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, Justice Holmes, Learned Hand, and Felix Frankfurter. Although I wonder whether David Low did not come to regret his comparison of Walt Disney to Leonardo da Vinci, the *New Republic's* assessments in the main stand up over the years, and all of

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them are crisply written. A few achieve distinction of thought and elegance of style.

Inevitably anger, dissent, and derision make for still livelier expression and still more enjoyable reading than the more amiable emotions. In this realm much in the anthology is excellent. Lowry's piece on "Calvin the Silent" is an hilarious sketch—written in 1921—of a politician who "seemingly cannot talk. A well of silence. A center of stillness." A product of the preceding year, Merz' evocation of Warren Harding's "Front Porch in Marion" reads as entertainingly and leaves as little intact of its target as Lowry does of Coolidge. In our own recent history, Joseph Harsch's "Eisenhower the Good" worthily continues the journal's tradition of political deflation.

As in politics, so in the arts. Honor Tracy on Graham Greene, Malcolm Muggeridge on Evelyn Waugh ("My Fair Gentleman"), and Robert Brustein on James Baldwin ("Everybody's Protest Play"), are examples of acute and entertaining revaluations of possibly overrated figures.

These comments suggest my happy experience in reading nearly five hundred pages exhumed from old magazines and feeling bored no more than three or four times. Whether the subject is that minor casualty of his own cupidity, Sherman Adams, or true victims of prejudice and hysteria like the Scottsboro boys; or Walter Lippmann and Felix Frankfurter explaining with equal eloquence why they planned in 1924 to vote respectively for John W. Davis and Robert M. LaFollette Sr.; or Clive Bell and George Bernard Shaw exchanging missiles aimed at each other's style of life, the smell of mold and the taste of dead prose are mercifully absent. Today's readers of the *New Republic*, and for that matter today's readers of *Commonweal*, *Commentary*, the *New Statesman*, and *Encounter* will enjoy this collection.

This is not the proper end of the subject. Possibly the most important question about magazines like these—exponents of minority journalism, equipped with circulations and deficits to match, is the kind and extent of their influence. What can a periodical like the *New Republic*, with its circulation of a 100,000 or so, hope to accomplish in a country where *Life*, *Time*, and *Look* descend upon millions of homes each week or month? Since nobody grows wealthy from his earnings for writing in magazines of opinion, their editors and authors clearly settle for the pleasures of influence. Are these substantial? The hardest relation to demonstrate in the history of ideas is the connection between thought and action.

Nevertheless, several considerations imply an importance for the *New Republic* and its peers that size and circulation disguise. Take the quality of its readers first. Through its history, the *New Republic* has been read on college campuses, circulated among government employees, and followed by professional workers of talent. In the current jargon, these are opinion leaders whose influence radiates out among students, colleagues, and friends.

Moreover, those who edit the mass circulation magazines eagerly read the small magazines in search of subjects, ideas, and authors. What appears in a journal of opinion this month, often shows up, suitably simplified, in the mass media several months later. Almost anyone who has written regularly in the serious magazines has had the experience of being asked to write the same piece, shorter and funnier, for a large periodical. If *Time's* and *Newsweek's* coverage of literature and the arts is notably less philistine than it once was, some credit belongs to magazines like the *New Republic* which have exemplified severe critical judgment. The *New Republic's* literary editors have included Malcolm Cowley and Edmund Wilson. Its drama critics have been Stark Young, Eric Bentley, and Robert Brustein.

### *Political Influence*

Magazines like the *New Republic* have their effects upon public events. Here is a theme which demands some amplification. Editors of journals of opinion feel the tug of current politics and they enjoy the sensation of influencing the shapers of today's national policy. Actually the only alternative stance available to the progressive journal is a posture outside the immediate play of legislative pressure and Presidential initiative. Both positions have merits and their drawbacks. When a liberal magazine assumes the role of friendly critic, its rewards are access to information, knowledge of the deliberations of policymakers, and attention from those whose ear it seeks. During the Kennedy Administration, the *New Republic* was read in the White House, notably by the President himself.

The disadvantages are equally identifiable. The editor is tempted to soften his criticism, refrain from wounding his political friends, and concentrate upon constructive suggestions, not from any inglorious motive but out of a wish to retain influence in good causes. All the same, the magazine's constituency becomes divided between its subscribers and the wielders of power and influence in Washington. Inevitably the question arises, how much has the magazine influenced the eminent and how much have the eminent influenced the magazine? Thus editors sacrifice indulgence in speculation about the ideal in favor of immediate impact upon the present.

It is, of course, far from a free choice. Liberal magazines cannot hope to affect the policies of illiterate administrations. About the best that the *New Republic* could do during the Harding-Coolidge years was avert its eyes from what it could not amend and concentrate all the more on books, music, and drama. In only slightly lesser degree was this true of the eight years of stasis represented by the two Eisenhower Administrations.

The choice of attitude occurs, then, only when liberal, activist Democratic Administrations are in office. In the latest of these episodes, the Kennedy-Johnson regime, the *New Republic* started as a friend of the family. Although it printed Gerald Johnson's gallant 1960 statement of his continued support of Adlai Stevenson ("No, I don't know that he can be nominated. No, I don't know that if nominated



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he can be elected. But I do know that he would make a good President, and I am immovably persuaded that he would make a great one. Therefore I am for him, forward, backward, and starting in the middle and going both ways at once"), the *New Republic* also knew who could be nominated and, if nominated, elected. It early preferred that man. As the *New Republic* began, so it continued. Even now its attitude to the present Administration gives the appearance of the loving indulgence of a friend.

These are days just past and days in which we live. It is something of a pity that this anthology gives no hint of the *New Republic's* role in the economic discussions of the late 1930s and early 1940s. A glance at the bound volumes containing the issues of these years will stop at some familiar names and demonstrate that the *New Republic* was one of the favorite outlets of the Harvard Keynesians. Alvin Hansen, leader of the American Keynesian school and inventor of the doctrine of secular stagnation; Seymour Harris, an important expositor and popularizer of Keynes; and the youthful Paul Samuelson, at the start of a brilliant career, all appear with considerable frequency. Their writings probably influenced the conversion of Franklin Roosevelt and his key advisors to the essentials of the notion of compensatory fiscal policy.

If the Tax Reduction Act of 1964 and the justification for its passage offered by two Presidents can appropriately be regarded as symbolizing the final acceptance by rational politicians and intelligent businessmen of Keynesian fiscal policy, such acceptance was facilitated by the enactment in 1946 of the Employment Act. Although this Act was a watered-down version of the much stronger Wagner-Murray Full Employment Bill, it did enunciate for the first time a national commitment to the goal of "maximum" employment—"full employment" having become a semantic victim during the debates in Congress.

As political time is measured, the Employment Act was a considerable achievement. After all, in 1932 Franklin Roosevelt had assaulted Hoover as a reckless spender in terms which led Marriner Eccles some years later to comment that the campaign speeches seemed to contain the gigantic misprint of transposing Hoover's and Roosevelt's names. As recently as 1938 many liberals had placed more faith in the Temporary National Economic Committee's investigation of business wickedness and industrial concentration than they did in Keynesian economic theories. When the Employment Act was passed, Keynes' *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* was only a decade old. The Congressional turn to Keynesian doctrines, however modified, testified to a substantial shift in the climate of opinion. In producing this shift, the *New Republic* played an honorable part.

Possibly economic discussion dates badly. Possibly detailed comment on current legislation loses its appeal years after the legislation passes either into law or oblivion. It is a pity that the editors of the *New Republic* did not commission a history of the journal's passage over half a century to accompany this handsome miscellany. Such a history would have had the merit of noting the stresses and the strains in the magazine's history as well as its achievements. There is a final sign of the rise in the quality of American taste and public concern which the journals of opinion have done their best to foster. This is the pleasant circumstance that magazines like the *New Republic, Commonweal, Commentary,* and the *New Leader* have all been enjoying substantial recent gains in circulation. May they all live to be a hundred.

***GIRLS WHO SLAY ME***

# THE SCREEN

Geraldine Page, a fine stage actress and an equally good movie actress who was three times nominated for an Academy Award but never won her well-deserved Oscar, no doubt considered the role of Evie Jackson in "Dear Heart" an interesting challenge. Evie is a garrulous, overly-friendly spinster who comes from a small Ohio town to New York for the postmasters' convention and is strongly attracted to a traveling salesman she meets there. Miss Page plays the role well, with plenty of old-maidish flutter and attention-getting devices that lonely people resort to. It's not her fault that Evie is so silly. Nor is it Glenn Ford's fault that Harry Mork, the traveling salesman with the usual traveling-salesman promiscuity and superficiality, is almost as foolish as Evie. Harry's engaged to a widow from Altoona, but this doesn't stop him from still being on the prowl, or, once he gets used to Evie's gushing stream of conversation, from becoming interested in the Ohio postmistress and showing her the town.

"Dear Heart" is an odd movie, a sort of a high-class soap opera, with a good production by Martin Manulis, a talky and supposedly-heart-warming script by Tad Mosel (whose "All the Way Home" was far better), and some yes-and-no direction by Delbert Mann. Heavy with obvious characterization and little action, the film is far too long and slow for its thin story. It has some good comedy moments, especially when Harry's future stepson (Michael Anderson, Jr.) arrives on the scene and turns out to be not a little boy as Harry thought but a young man with a Bennington free-thinker (Joanna Crawford) in tow. The film also has some bright satire on conventions and the kind of people who attend them. At times this burlesque gets out of hand, particularly when it treats middle-aged, unmarried working women as if they were frustrated biddies. Evie's conversation and behavior are a touch strange, to put it mildly; and the fact that she thinks the Greenwich Village apartment Harry rents for himself and his bride-to-be is for Evie and Harry makes no sense at all. Conveniently, the



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fiancee (Angela Lansbury in another of her bitter-perfect performances) comes to New York and proves to be so self-centered that Harry drops her, which leaves the way open for Evie and Harry and this pretentious picture's schmaltzy ending. Astute viewers will agree that these two silly people deserve each other.

It's hard to say who deserves what in "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte." But it's still harder to review this film which is a mystery thriller with a plot so tricky and involved that revealing its details would spoil the mystery and the whole thing would collapse like a house of cards. The house, in which all these horrors take place, is a once-handsome Louisiana mansion now ready for destruction—not so much because of its age but because the State of Louisiana has requisitioned this plantation for an approach to a bridge over the Mississippi. Not ready to give up her house, however, is sixty-ish Charlotte Hollis (Bette Davis), the eccentric woman who has lived here alone since the death of her father and who stands ready with her shotgun to keep away workmen and bulldozers. The townsfolk are convinced that Charlotte killed her lover here twenty-seven years ago, and if the house is torn down the corpse's missing head and hand will be found.

Although too long (two hours and thirteen minutes) and often too scarey, "Hush . . . Hush" has been very well produced and directed by Robert Aldrich who goes even farther with the macabre fright stuff than he did in "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?" "Hush . . . Hush" is about as close to Grand Guignol as American films ever come; and anyone who enjoys horripilation should have one fine time as the horrors pile up in this. On the whole, the cast is excellent, although director Aldrich allowed Agnes Moorehead to overact as Charlotte's housekeeper and carry on even more battily than Charlotte herself. Bette Davis gives one of the best performances of her distinguished career and is especially successful in making us wonder if Charlotte really is wacky or is she just peculiar. The script written by Henry Farrell and Lukas Heller is designed to keep us in this state of confusion and every now and then throws in scenes like the one with the insurance investigator (Cecil Kellaway) who tells Charlotte she's his favorite mystery—to which she replies, "Have you ever solved me?"

But Miss Davis is not alone in her hair-raising performance; the people around her add to the various tensions: Olivia de Havilland, as her cousin in the role originally assigned to Joan Crawford; Joseph Cotten as the family doctor; Victor Buono as Charlotte's father whom we see in the 1927 scenes before the credits come on; Mary Astor as the widow of Charlotte's lover; and many others in smaller roles, most of which make us wonder if all Louisianans tend toward decadence. In spite of the emphasis on terror and decay, Aldrich manages to get some scenes of extraordinary beauty in "Hush . . . Hush," the best of which is a dreamy sequence visualizing Charlotte's recollection of the ball and her lover's death. Shortening the film would have improved it; after a while the tension mounts too high and one finds himself laughing in the wrong places—or maybe there are too many wrong places. In any case, "Hush" is for those who can take it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

***BAD NEWS TONIGHT***

# THE STAGE

Let my contemporaries treasure and keep fragrant the memories of Batman, Captain Marvel and the Green Hornet; my own personal culture-hero was and is Gabriel Heatter, the radio news analyst. Heatter, you will recall, was the man who used to say "there's bad news tonight" with such gloomy relish that one scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry; whose "good news tonight" meant that a thousand allied planes had just made a human torch out of Hamburg; and whose enthusiasm for Kreml hair-tonic was so contagious that my grandmother used to buy it regularly, although it was intended, as I remember, for young men with dandruff problems. I am throwing Mr. Heatter's memory this first paragraph as an unsolicited carnation, a long overdue act of wondering homage.

The voice of Gabriel Heatter comes back to me often in the theater these nights, but never more dolefully than at "Diamond Orchid," the story of Eva Peron. There is both good (in the Gabriel Heatter sense of good) and bad news tonight: the whole show is sort of like a radio broadcast from the past—soap opera, interrupted by news bulletins, interrupted by more soap opera ("Will Eva marry her dictator? Does Senator Nonesuch still love his little Evita? . . . We pause to announce a brief rising in the Republic of . . . and now, back to *Juan's Other Wife:* does Eva know that she is being *socially offensive?*", etc.)

The prototype for this kind of play is really the old third-grade pageant in which the whole life of, say, George Washington—from the cherry-tree caper, through those long winters at Valley Forge, and the jolly evenings at Mount Vernon—was compressed into about six minutes. The changes of scene and mood are dizzying. Characters change completely in mid-play to meet the awkward demands of history. Politics are, to put it temperately, simplified. By the end, the only real question is, why are they telling me all this? (Speaking for at least one member of the audience, the last thing my head needs is more garbled historical information.)

At its most promising moments, "Diamond Orchid" is a sort of comic opera without the music. The heroine is presented in the opening scenes as a manic farceuse, of the Lucille Ball type, who cannot even read a simple part in a radio play without making a fool of herself. But un-



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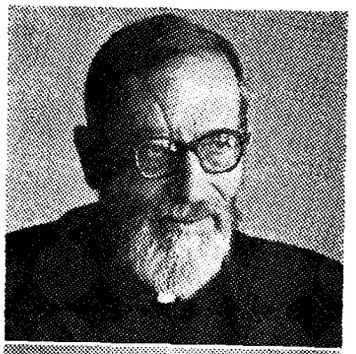

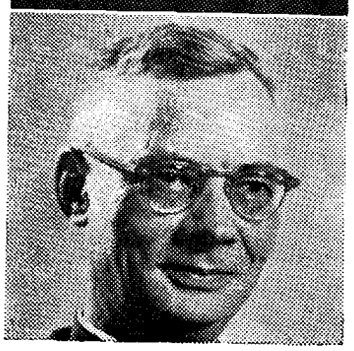

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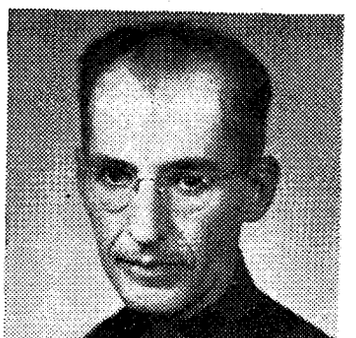

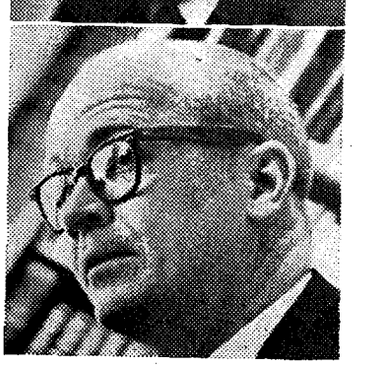

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fortunately, history demands that she die of cancer in the same evening, so she has to take on weight and seriousness as she goes along—a task whose full difficulty becomes apparent if you try to imagine Miss Ball dying of cancer on one of her TV shows.

Latin American politics lend themselves well (and frequently) to comic opera treatment, but here again the play tacks wildly between burlesque and semi-demi-realism. With typical Broadway greediness, the authors have tried to have it both ways—to tell a tragic story, and to pick up all the laughs that are going at the same time; and as usual, they get their collective fist caught in the cookie jar.

Apart from anything else, a woman as flaky as their version of Evita could not stage-manage a revolution in a garden-club. Furthermore, if it is indeed true that the real Eva Peron was considered a saint by the denser of her people, it was because she did possess a certain puddingy grandeur, a cut-rate madonna quality—that might do quite well in this country as well. To take that away and to replace it with neurotic near-hysteria is to make nonsense of the whole affair.

Jennifer West plays the main part in non-stop overdrive—the only gear she seems to possess—and if the citizens of Argentina were taken in by her for a moment, they must be the most gullible people in the world. But perhaps more interesting than this piece of surrealist casting is the question of historical plays in general.

These would seem to get harder and harder to write as history ramifies. Shakespeare's historical plays seem by comparison to take place in a men's club—we come upon my cousin Gloucester brooding in his usual corner over there, while old Warwick is in the game room plotting with time-honored Lancaster, etc.—they are, in other words, plays of relationships, in which everyone adjourns to the battlefield for act five.

With modern history, it isn't so easy to condense issues to a few personalities. One particular event—a conference, an isolated decision—might still be treated in that way, but anything involving groups and interests becomes at once too complicated: even a small revolution gets out of hand. (The index to Hugh Thomas's history of the Spanish Civil War might stand as a warning to politically-minded playwrights.)

Furthermore, any attempt to suggest scale and passage of time by way of loud-speakers, scenic montage, etc., invites unfavorable comparison with the movies; even when the space-time tricks are managed less ineptly than they are in "Diamond Orchid," the effect tends to be thin and makeshift. A single spool of the old "March of Time" yields a richer brew.

Well, it's a theory. Whether or not it holds up (I admit that "Diamond Orchid" is an inconclusive test), an exception should probably be made for musicals: "Oh What a Lovely War" was good history; "Fiorello" was passable biography. Voice, in poetry or song, is still the stage's great equalizer. *(At the Henry Miller)* WILFRID SHEED

**TOMORROW'S CHURCHES**

# OF NOTE

"Music, Bricks and Mortar," by Haldan T. D. Tompkins, a discussion of the impact of church planning on the liturgy, appeared in the December, 1964, issue of *Worship* magazine ($4 a year, the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.) A substantial excerpt follows:

At the National Liturgical Week of 1961, held in Oklahoma City, a booklet entitled "Churches for Tomorrow" was made available. It included thirty-three of the leading designs for church plants submitted to the third Cardinal Lercaro competition. In spite of Father Frederick McManus' excellent introductory preface, which discussed such things as choir placement, at least twenty-eight of these designs entailed flaws in the functional and liturgical facilities provided for sacred music, twenty-five of them very serious. Even the liturgical commentary which accompanied each design overlooked most of them.

After nearly half a century of liturgical development and thought, this book apparently reflected the best we had. Thirteen plans still had the choir isolated in a rear gallery, and most of the others put it in a poor location. One simply locked the choir up in a box; some made no provision at all. A frightening number of architects were still totally in the dark regarding the liturgical function of a church—and this as late as 1961.

If anything, this points up the terrible need for greater liaison between liturgists, church musicians, artists, architects, priests and pastors, not to speak of diocesan building commissions, who *someday* have simply got to concern themselves with how adequately a parish can worship in a building, not just with whether it is architecturally sound, whether they think the parish can pay for it all, or how much money the pastor is wasting.

The most basic need in our churches with regard to music is the recognition of the absolute necessity for a "live" acoustical environment. Far too many architects, carried away by all the possibilities inherent in today's available sound-absorptive materials, just can't seem to leave the stuff alone. Many still have the attitude that the perfect church is completely hushed. And in a rush to hush, they slap these things on every possible surface: tiles, spongy plaster, tapestries, cushions, rugs, even marble etched in grooves to absorb sound.

I have even seen expensive walls of walnut paneling pierced every inch to soak up sound. On top of this, it was a round room with soft plaster on the ceiling, rugs, drapes, cushions. It had a huge $100,000 organ which sounded as though it were enclosed in a ball of cotton. The conservative



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estimate given the church for redoing the interior so that one could hear something was $10,000.

Too many churches today are still constructed with the "Jesus and me" approach. With a congregation of 600 to 700 people singing, the only way a person in *a front pew* can tell it is to turn around and look! The man-in-the-pew won't mind participating half as much in common prayer and song if he can feel that his voice is really losing itself in the "big sound" of the whole community joined. In a "dead" room there isn't any. Without some resonance it is also difficult for him—and for a choir—to keep on pitch. What is really tragic is when, doing his very best, he still hears only his own voice (standing out like a rooster, he thinks), with just a dull, soft undertone, a humming-with-words, from the rest of the church. This is hardly an environment which encourages him to join in common public prayer and song. This is not an environment where a choir can, no matter what its skill and training, contribute much; nor where the "king of instruments" can effectively join in praising God; nor even where the Word of God (without a tidy outlay in sound equipment) can be heard.

This situation is partly due to a confusion in many minds over the terms "reverberation" or "resonance"; and "echo." If you clap your hands in a building with good reverberation or resonance, you will hear one loud crack, with the one sound decreasing over a few seconds. If the building *echoes,* however, you may hear as many as a dozen or more distinct "cracks" coming back at you at ever expanding intervals of time. The latter is definitely undesirable and confusing; the former is essential.

Trying to predetermine what a building's acoustical characteristics will be is such a complex matter that there are few parishes that could afford the expense of such a calculation. Every single surface in the church, its texture, finish, shape, density, direction—all are reflective or non-reflective to varying degrees. Some big items stand out, however, and with some attention to them a calculated guess can be made.

On the whole, best reverberative features are found in rooms with relatively high, hard, *parallel* walls or surfaces, and smooth, uncluttered ceilings. Circular and round walls cause trouble to begin with; so do scalloped ceilings, too many large beams, domes, porous finishes. These are conditions which usually cannot be remedied once the building is up. One church I am familiar with is a great, parabolic dome, and acoustically it's a real freak. One may sit directly in front of a sound source, but the sound comes from behind, a few seconds later.

The human body, of course, is a great sound-soaker and largely kills whatever reflective properties a floor may have. This is why a room with hard, high, parallel walls, each of which is roughly the height of the floor's width, will retain good reverberation when filled with people; while a room with very short walls will often lose it when full, although it may have good sound when empty. In the latter case the only useful reflective surface left is the ceiling, and if *it* is acoustically softened the results will probably be something less than stirring.

In this country a church with really too much reverberation is rare. It is true that in Europe, where old stone buildings with high vaults and a reverberation period of eight to fifteen seconds are not uncommon, there is trouble. But here in the United States we seldom find a building with as much as six seconds—which is *not* too much. Many worry about the difference in "reverberative need" between music (whether organ, choral or congregational) and the spoken voice (which ideally, I suppose, is about one or two seconds). Yet it is, on the whole, much easier with today's electronics to remedy a difficult projection problem for one voice than to provide resonance for a whole congregation, *after* it has been destroyed.

Too often today we are unhappy if we can't preach in the same tones and manner in which we speak to someone five feet away. But how often have sound systems spelled the death of effective preaching! One parish let their congregation go into a partially constructed church whose walls were finished with only a hard "green coat" of plaster to do some singing and hear some preaching, *before* finishing up with acoustical plaster. After having held services in a completely "dead" room for five years, it was unanimously decided to finish in hard plaster completely, so overwhelmingly better was the environment for participation, singing, listening *and* preaching. This is just as helpful for spoken prayer in common as for singing.


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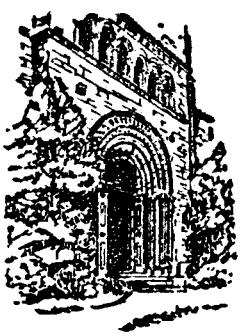

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It really is a shame that in this great day of liturgical revival there are springing up across the nation hundreds of churches whose acoustical properties have been ruthlessly destroyed, as though they were so many boiler factories—or funeral parlors. Our churches should be truly houses of worship for real, live people who are going to do a real, live thing. It is a far better practice, especially in smaller buildings, to either try to enhance the resonance possibilities or to at least spare all the absorptive facings, letting it be understood (and budgeted for) that if any really serious echo problems arise, corrective measures might be taken later. This is much more feasible and far cheaper than trying to provide resonance after it has been destroyed. It is true that acoustical plaster can be sealed. One church managed to do it—with *six* coats of paint and great expense. . . .

It is an obvious fact that the majority of our churches are already constructed along non-ideal plans, but at least with new buildings there is no excuse for not giving these things consideration. With old ones a renovation, if and when it may come, could help a lot, and *some* improvements can usually be made without one. There is a lot more to a good or even adequate program for sacred music than buying a batch of hymn cards. It may cost money, but we usually seem to be able to raise money for something we really want. And if we don't really want to make our worship of God as fine, beautiful, sincere and meaningful as we can, then we must ask just what the first mission of the people of God really is.

Music is not just a part of the environment in which we worship, it is truly—and the new Constitution makes this clear—a *mode* of worship. We must stop treating it simply as a frill or something which is unattainable outside of large seminaries and cathedrals, a luxury which doesn't really matter. It is quite true that a beautiful and utterly holy Mass can well be offered in a cow shed, but if we can do better we should. Nor should sacred music be treated simply as another vehicle for prayer, whose chief value is variety. For like other arts, its beauty is also a reflection of the beauty of God, another way of knowing Him. If our worship doesn't include this too, it is the poorer for it, and so are we.

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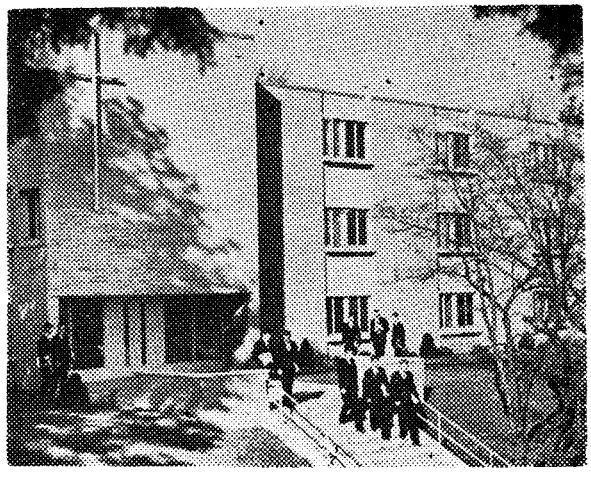

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# BOOKS

## *Literature in the Soviet Union*

***Soviet Russian Literature: Writers and Problems***

MARC SLONIM

*Oxford*, $7.50

***Pages from Tarusa: New Voices in Russian Writing***

ANDREW FIELD (ED.)

*Little, Brown*, $6.95

**RICHARD KOSTELANETZ**

In retrospect, we can see that American interest in one or another of the European literatures depends, to a large extent, upon the efforts of its critics and translators—for why else should we be so familiar with French literature and Russian and relatively unfamiliar with, say, Italian or Spanish? Of course, one can always reverse the argument and say that the former two literatures have more to offer us. This may be true—only somewhat, I think—but how are we to know, if so much of the latter two remain untranslated or, if translated, too generally unreviewed? To win a following in America, Russian literature had the good fortune of many emigré translators and critics such as Avrahm Yarmolinsky, B. G. Guerney, and Marc Slonim, all now in their seventies, who have for many years presented Russian literature to the American audience.

Slonim's *Soviet Russian Literature* is the last in a three volume history, its predecessors being *The Epic of Russian Literature* and *From Chekhov to the Revolution* (both available in Oxford Galaxy Paperbacks); and the trilogy, one gathers, caps a career of over twenty books, including a useful outline history (Mentor) and an informative survey of the Russian Theatre (Collier). Still, although Slonim's knowledge of the period is unquestionably thorough and the book is for many purposes definitive, *Soviet Russian Literature* has a limited value.

In discussing the artistic materials of a period, the critic confronts the problem of choosing or devising a suitable approach. For one example, in his *The Banquet Years*, a study of the French avant-garde of 1885-1915, the American scholar Roger Shattuck offers close and thorough analyses of a few representative writers and artists, to trace common aesthetic preoccupations; another critic might just treat a few major figures; Slonim, in contrast, presents a succession of writers' names, books' titles, dates of birth-death and publication, places, short plot summaries, concise descriptions of characters, until the book becomes an exhaustive survey of too many second-rate writers and too much surface phenomena. A more satisfactory approach, to my mind, would have emulated Prince D. S. Mirsky in his history of Russian literature, an approach that moves back and fourth from summary to detailed criticism, depending upon the artistic importance of the subject.

Slonim's attack is limited precisely because it hardly touches upon many aspects we should like to know about. He rarely quotes and, even then, never at length; so he does not substantiate descriptions of style nor certain judgments of taste; and he never offers any analysis specific or penetrating enough to explain why a particular work has merit or how its form differs from other poems or novels. When subjected to this scholarly method, writers and works of art could just as well be politicians and acts of government; and indicatively, the most successful chapter in the book discusses a literary politician, Ilya Ehrenberg, whose career most perfectly suits Slonim's approach.

Another limitation is the lack of overall cohesion, although two major themes, if not theses, distinctly emerge from the book. First, but for a few authors, particularly Tolstoy, the best Russian literature resembles American writing in being generally non-realistic—not concerned with rendering society in accurate detail but in describing states of mind and submerged social processes. Even in the 1930's, as Slonim points out, the most interesting writers eschewed socialist realism.

The second theme concerns politics and art. Nearly all the best writers were sympathetic to the purposes of the Revolution; but they were neither members of the Party nor slaves to the aesthetics of socialist realism; hence, so many of them are omitted from the official Soviet literary histories. In sum, Slonim's *Soviet Russian Literature* is what the English call "potted" and the Americans "boiled down" scholarship. The book is useful as a reference, especially for correct spellings and concise summaries; but for true critical understanding, we shall need to turn elsewhere.

In exemplifying the old style of criticism of Russian literature, Slonim differs from several younger scholars who, influenced by sophisticated Anglo-American critical analysis, are better prepared to explore this literature in detail and depth. One is Franklin D. Reeve, whose best long essays have appeared in many magazines, particularly *Kenyon Review;* another is Joseph Frank whose forthcoming book on Dostoevsky promises to be extraordinary; and a third is Andrew Field. Perhaps the best way to comprehend this change in critical style is to compare Slonim's chapter on "The Newcomers" with Field's discussion of the recent wave of young poets, an essay which appeared, I ruefully admit, in a paperback book I edited, *On Contemporary Literature*. Field exhibits a more sharply discriminating sense of his subject, apportioning more space to the major figures and omitting the minor ones; and he offers lengthy, enticing quotations of verse to verify his



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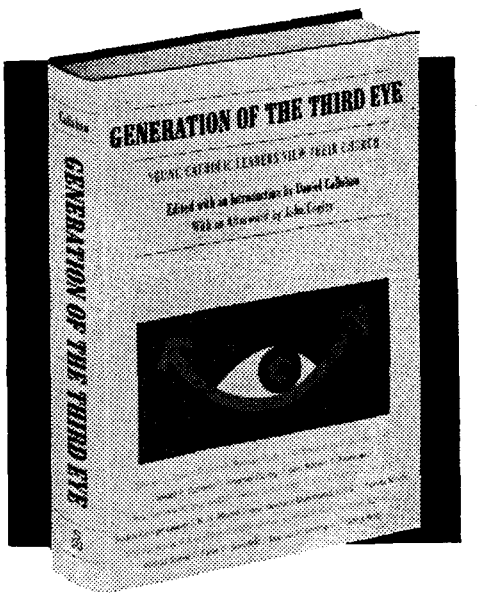


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judgments, as well as analyses of poetic forms and symbols. Whereas Slonim offers information, Field constructs an image of aesthetic achievement; and of all those critics who regularly review recent Russian literature, Field is most clearly and strictly concerned with literary achievement.

In his introduction to the English edition of the anthology *Pages from Tarusa*, Field argues that the most significant recent development in Russia is a new intensified concern with literary values and formal experiment. What is new in Russian literaure is not the simple declamatory verse of Evtushenko, but the ironic, ambiguous poetry of Evgeny Vinokurov and Naum Korzhavin, not the detailed, heavy-handed satires of Stalinism, but the compelling, imaginative fiction of Abram Tertz. In this context, *Pages from Tarusa* serves as a symbol, Field writes, of "what is honest and, above all, *literary* in Soviet literature."

The book was originally published late in 1961, as a collection of short works by writers who now live (or had once lived) in the town of Tarusa, a suburb of Moscow, which has traditionally housed a literary colony. It sold briskly in Moscow, until a government order caused its withdrawal from sale; and despite some controversy, there were no reprisals against its contributors and sponsors, perhaps because of the backing of the eminent Soviet man-of-letters, Konstantin Paustovsky. Indeed, as Field points out, although its contributors reject the official style of socialist realism, "*Pages from Tarusa* is at all times within the context of the very highest aspirations and ideals of Communist society."

"SUKARNO *has activated the southern flank of a gigantic two-pronged nutcracker operation now squeezing the West out of Southeast Asia. This is the objective strategic meaning of what is going on in that theater. The narcotic illusion that a 'nuclear stalemate' and 'Sino-Soviet split' have dispelled 'the main danger' has shattered Western unity and Western resolve at the moment when the West faces its greatest defeat since the Communist conquest of China.*"

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In all, the book, slightly abridged in this English translation, is a good collection. Two of the prose pieces, to my taste, were particularly excellent—the late Marina Tsvetaeva's "The Kirillovnas," a lushly written (and brilliantly translated) symbolic description of the rituals of a strange band of gypsies; and Bulat Okudzhava's "Lots of Luck, Kid!" which weaves a disparate collection of scenes into a devastating indictment of war's capacity for evil effects. In *Pages from Tarusa*, one will not find the clumsy, wooden fiction that marked most of the first edition of *Dissonant Voices in Soviet Literature*, that I reviewed in these pages over two years ago, nor, however, do we get what we probably most need at this time, a discriminating collection of only the very best post-Stalin Russian writing. No critic I know of is more ably equipped to select and explain than Andrew Field.

## *Count Bohemond*

ALFRED DUGGAN

*Pantheon*, $4.95

**JACK F. BERNARD**

"The historical novel," wrote Bernard De Voto, "is a pure form of social myth. It projects into the past reasons why we have become what we are. Our guilt will rest less heavily upon us in the dark if we could not become other than we are."

De Voto did not know Alfred Duggan, whose historical novels, far from being a projection into the past of "reasons why we have become what we are," essentially are an explanation of why personalities of history were what they were. In *Count Bohemond*, for instance, Duggan obviously did not ask himself, "What did Bohemond do?" He asked instead, "What must Bohemond have been to do what he did?" And, in the narration of that early phase of Bohemond's career which is the subject of this book, Duggan has brought his profound erudition and wit to bear in the unravelling of that puzzling entity known as the "medieval mind."

Bohemond, Court of Tarentum, was a scion of the Norman family of Hautville, a clan noted for its ferocity and for its piety. Bohemond's father, Robert Guiscard, put the first of those virtues to practical use in conquering the south of Italy, and the second in persuading the Pope to grant him legal title to his conquest; thereafter Guiscard and his successors were, as occasion required, the self-righteously fierce protectors and the piously reluctant oppressors of the papacy.

Guiscard died trying to conquer Cephalonia which, since it belonged to the schismatic Byzantine emperor, was obviously in need of a good Christian ruler. To his younger son, Robert the Purse, he bequeathed his duchy of Apulia; to Bohemond, he left only his virtues. How Bohemond used his inheritance within the framework of the First Crusade to gain for himself the splendid principality of Antioch is the fabric from which Mr. Duggan has reconstructed Count Bohemond's psyche. It is a fascinating tale of battles fought and intrigues pursued against the Muslims and amongst the Christians; great nobles fuss and fume about imagined slights to their dignity, steal from one another and, occasionally, kill one another; they betray and are betrayed by the Emperor Alexius; they wench, and gamble and starve.

At the center of events moves mighty Bohemond, ingratiating himself with this duke, encouraging devotion to the cause in that count, settling some quarrels and encouraging others, but always the mastermind strategist and tactician. He is the only one of the Christian leaders who knows exactly what he wants, how to get it, and how to keep it. When Antioch falls, the Crusade is over for Bohemond. He will henceforth attend the fight for the Holy Land in the person of his nephew, Tancred; his vow to worship at the holy places will be fulfilled in peacetime. To his father's heritage he has added the practice of prudence.

As the warrier to whom the First Crusade largely owed its success, and as the prince who owed his principality to the Crusade, Bohemond emerges as



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that curious mixture of supernatural faith and wholly natural greed which was characteristic of his time. He is not the total devil of Anna Comnena's *Alexiad*, nor the saint canonized by the anonymous *Gesta Francorum*. He is a recognizable human being, composed of the same recognizable ingredients, though in different proportions, as twentieth-century man.

Duggan has, as always, written an exciting story; he was aware throughout that he was writing, not history, but historical fiction. He has avoided the practice, endemic in our time, of wrenching the attitudes of our era out of their context and superimposing them upon an age for which they were never made; instead, he transports us to the eleventh century and allows us to see the Crusades and Bohemond through eyes accustomed to the lights of that time. *Count Bohemond*, therefore, is no mere exercise of historical imagination. It is history and the man, reconstructed with humor and authenticity by Duggan's quiet genius.

### *White Lotus*

JOHN HERSEY

*Alfred A. Knopf*, $6.95

**MICHELE MURRAY**

Framed by a prologue and an epilogue, the story which John Hersey tells through the narration of a young girl, is straightforward, detailed, absorbing.

In a country whose internal security has been eroded by a series of wars so that each village is isolated from all others and strangers are a menace, a raiding party from the plains enters a palisaded village with the aid of traitors, and enslaves the population. Surprised in their sleep, dressed only in flimsy nightclothes, the people are chained together and marched for numberless days from their inland area to the seacoast, where they become part of a huge slave market, are stripped, shaved, oiled and sold, quite as if they weren't human. Indeed, the aim of the traders is precisely to force these independent people to think of themselves as less than human, as objects traded for rare goods, foodstuffs, jewels.

The traders were of the same race as their captives; now the slaves have their first frightening sight of the true overlords of the operation, men whose color and obvious physical traits are so different that they seem barely human.

Still naked, the captives are loaded on small ships, packed together like animals, ignorant of their destination, and transported across the terrifying ocean to the alien country where they will be sold. The narrator, who is given the name of White Lotus in the language of her captors, is bought by an aristocratic scholar whose style of living, while genteel, is greatly reduced from the family's former status.

After a time, a series of slave revolts rocks the security of the capital, leading to mass executions and the decision of her master to replace slaves with indentured servants. White Lotus is sold down the river to a plantation where she comes under the influence of the slave Peace, a hypnotic religious figure who induces a slave uprising in the pro-

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vince, an uprising doomed to failure after betrayal by other slaves. More executions result and White Lotus is sold, this time to a bitter master in the new lands opening up beyond the borders of the old country, where life is hard and she is brutalized by hopelessness, hard work and the capricious sensuality of her master and her fellow slaves.

Rumors reach the slaves of emancipation decrees in the far-off capital, but their life remains the same under the harsh domination of a master, who is himself on the edge of penury. Dolphin, her husband, runs away but is caught and killed by a pack of wild dogs kept to hunt fleeing slaves. Then White Lotus escapes with the help of natives of the country who are burning to help the slaves and is passed by a secret organization to precarious freedom in the capital city.

Even the successful conclusion of the Seditionists' War does not change things, for the power still lies with the old masters and skin color is still the handicap. White Lotus and her new man, Rock, fail as sharecroppers under the ferocious exactions of the landlord, and White Lotus must close her school under penalty of masked violence. They flee again to a huge commercial city where ex-slaves are beaten down by miserable living and working conditions, restrictive laws and also by the vicious among them, who use drugs and gambling to enrich themselves and destroy their people. However, a protest movement slowly develops after many false starts, and suggests the eventual success of passive resistance.

I have left out much; still, even in outline, the story is familiar. But here's the point: the slaves are white, the masters Chinese! Born in Tientsin, Hersey obviously has an abiding affection for the culture of pre-Communist China, and the book is crowded with the fascinating flavor of that old China as counterpoint to the slaves' story, as well as with consciously constructed parallels to the American slavery experience. The Emancipation Proclamation becomes the Uncage-the-Finches Edict; the Dred Scott Case, the Clip-the-Wings Edict; and if the reader thinks he spots a suggestion of Adam Clayton Powell and Martin Luther King in Old Arm and Runner, well, he may be right.

The book, although very long, is always interesting. Hersey is an experienced writer, concerned with craft, and even where his conception is weak (as in some of his other books), he can turn out a thoroughly professional novel. I raise only one question—the regular language, the professional quality, the smoothness of narration, the care for explanation—all seem to falsify the slave experience, to smooth it out, to make it less horrible than it was, because in the book it is all grasped in language and thus removed from slavery's most pungent horror—its formlessness, its futurelessness, its complete lack of reason.

I suspect that *White Lotus* is a book with rather more appeal for the white liberal than for the Negro, for all the ingenious cleverness of the parallels. Perhaps that's only to be expected

**REVIEWERS**

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***DIEBENKORN***

# ART

It is rare to come across the statement of a plastic artist that is useful, other than impressionistically, in understanding his work. An exception is Richard Diebenkorn's remark that he "used color to identify things." The 42-year-old American painter, now celebrated, is lucid, direct and candid in his art, and these qualities perhaps spill over into logical expression too.

Diebenkorn's use of color to identify is a key to his work, both in its earlier abstract expressionist phase and in the more recent figurative one. In the smallish retrospective exhibit which was first at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art, and recently at the Jewish Museum in New York, the inner assurance of his expression and even its outer unity can be seen to depend on this firm use of color as an identifying framework on which hangs what he has to say.

In his abstract work, much of which looks like western landscapes seen from an airplane, the color is evocative of a



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region, with its dispositions of space and light. These paintings are lyrical, yet have a classical clarity and calm. In the later figurative work, which seem the inner result of the abstract paintings rather than any shift in interest, the same technique and atmosphere persists. In *View From a Porch, Girl on Terrace, Girl Looking at a Landscape,* the sensibility that savors the disposition of light and space still speaks through their color and appears merely to have moved closer to earth. The pensive droop of a dark head, the homely blue of a sneaker, intensify the light-filled sky in the distance. All is still clear, calm and even voluptuous in a wide-open Western American way.

The Diebenkorn exhibit will be at the Pavilion Gallery, Newport Beach, Cal., March 14 to Apr. 15.

BETTY KAUFMAN

## CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page* 719)

manpower in higher education. But, as a veteran of Jesuit conversations in which these same ideas have been more or less modestly proposed for some years, I feel sure that Mr. Swidler's theory will not consistently yield practical conclusions with which I can agree. So let me modestly propose to differ.

Mr. Swidler's theory (he calls it a 'fact') is: "The primary mission of the Church is to transmit the gospel, the message of God to man, and to dispense the sacraments. All activities of the Church, as an institution, have been, or should have been, either some form of carrying out these two primary missions of dispensing the word and the sacrament, or some secular activity where the Church has filled a gap in civil society . . ." This is a familiar theory, particularly in the theology coming from Europe. The difficulty with this theory is that it makes 'secular' activity a secondary, derivative, subordinate emergency function of the Church. I would suggest that transmission of sacraments and word and involvement in the 'secular' are equally basic, co-ordinate aspects of the work of the Church. It is by emphasizing a primacy of transmitting sacrament and word that the Church makes herself 'sacral' and allows the world to see itself as the secular over against the sacral. The Church cannot mend this rift by dispensing foreign aid to the realm of the secular—to "fill a gap in civil society."

Mr. Swidler introduces some significant statistics which show "a ratio of one full-time priest to every 3,100 Catholic (on non-Catholic campuses) as compared to the average of one to every 785 Catholics in the U.S. in general." Implied in the introduction of such statistics is what I call the principle of even spread. This is a valid working principle for the strategy of the Church as dispenser of sacrament and word. The logistics of the means of grace follow directly from the incarnational nature of Christianity. This principle has motivated missionary strategy from the start.

But involvement in the world does not follow the principle of even spread. Involvement follows rather the laws of an epidemic with contagion spreading in some proportion to susceptibility and exposure. Involvement experiences the same concentrations and expansions that mark all cultural patterns. Our American Catholic involvement—including our Jesuit involvement—has centered on Catholic campuses. Perhaps we are due for an expansion. But if we find our sole or primary reason for expansion in the logistics of transmitting sacrament and word, we must not be surprised if we produce missionary enclaves on the terrain of secular academia, enclaves whose relentless effect will be to immunize their inhabitants against involvement.

We must maintain involvement as a goal on equal footing with the goal of transmitting sacrament and word. The principle of even spread must wait patiently for the natural pace of contagion of involvement. This contagion is beginning to spread. In my own outfit we have such examples as Fathers David


## Educational

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Stanley, Walter Ong, John Hardon, Theodore Purcell, and Robert Johann, all of whom have taught on non-Catholic campuses. Each of these men increases the probability that there will be another. But none of them should be transformed into a general policy.

DON BREZINE, S.J.

### *Water Pollution*

Memphis, Tenn.

*To the Editors:* Your editorial remarks on water pollution in the Mississippi [COMMONWEAL, January 29] focus on a serious problem rendered much more complex, as you point out, by confusion over local, state and federal jurisdiction, and a resulting failure to develop uniform standards of effluent quality for the wide variety of industries and municipalities using the river as a sewer.

It is an over-simplification however, to hold up endrin or even agricultural chemicals in general as the villain in the fish kill noted last spring. As a chemist employed by Velsicol Corporation, I suppose that I am subject to the charge of bias in this matter but on the other hand I am fairly familiar with the development of the situation since suspicion of endrin as the cause of the fish loss occurred.

I think that you will find that very few, if any, of the various state or federal authorities, after studying the situation in the lower Mississippi would now share or support Senator Ribicoff's contention that endrin or other agricultural poisons were the causative agents for the following reasons:

1. Periodic fish kills in the lower Mississippi have been noted for many years, long before the use of agricultural pesticides became common.
2. The symptomotology of the dying fish in the 1964 kill was found to be not that of endrin poisoning.
3. The difficulty in explaining how endrin could have moved 500 miles down the Mississippi from Memphis without injuring fish in the upper river, only to effect a massive kill in the delta area has not been overcome.

As far as we have been able to determine, neither our current manufacturing procedures nor agricultural application of endrin constitute any threat to public health. JOHN F. FLANAGAN

### *Women Priests*

Baltimore, Md.

*To the Editors:* The value of articles such as "Should Women be Priests" [COMMONWEAL, January 15] extends beyond opening up the one particular question for consideration. I am sure that many homes and rectories (and chanceries?) are finding, as such discussion begins, that the conversation inevitably leads into broader, more relevant questions on the priestly ministry.

One cannot talk about ordained women without a host of practical objections being thrown up: "Where would they live?", "How would they be trained?", "Could they fit in a parish situation?" etc., etc. Yet such questions imply a permanent value in existing structures which continued discussion might reveal as at least questionable.


## Commonweal in 1965

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Is the Tridentine seminary training the most effective today? Does a geographically drawn parish system exclude other forms of the priestly ministry? Is some priest-worker adaptation possible? Are we irreversibly wedded to a rectory-parish-plant approach; or would dispersion of priests to neighborhoods and apartments reach more people more personally? In such situations, would the priest and his work be helped or hindered if the decision on clerical celibacy were left to the free choice of the individual? To what extent has the imposition of celibacy in the Latin rite been influenced by attitudes such as that mentioned by Miss Heinzelmann: ". . . that whatever has to do with sex bears the stigma of uncleanness and the curse of the wicked"?

With or without ordained women, such questions on the priesthood need to be discussed. Karl Rahner's statement that "a decision of the primitive Church may never become an absolute for all times and thus considered as of divine law" has far broader application than to feminine ordination. And if primate Church decisions are mutable, much more so are *medieval* Church decisions, traditions and legislation.

J. H. THOMPSON

### The Economics of Aid

Edmonton, Alberta

*To the Editors:* The letter of Frank J. Kottke in your January 8 issue surely deserves further comment.

In *Mater et Magistra* one finds this relevant comment: "From this it follows that the economic prosperity of any people is to be assessed not so much from the sum total of goods and wealth possessed as from the distribution of goods according to the norms of justice, so that everyone in the community can develop and perfect himself. For this, after all, is the end toward which all economic activity of a community is by nature ordered."

From this it would follow that the structure of prices must *first* seek to, in Mr. Kottke's words, "apportion equitably such goods as are produced." Only secondarily should it encourage the maximizing of production.

I would question that "the great majority of economists opt for prices that encourage production" and I doubt that the statement can be proved in any way.

I would question the statement that the decline in world commodity prices has not been "the work of conspiracies in the more fortunate nations."

Only this week I heard from a lady who had been instrumental in sending dried milk to a country where a million tons of cocoa have been burned and where the burning of 80 times as much is planned in an effort to maintain prices.

The essential point seems to be that, as Father McCormack hints, the message of *Mater et Magistra* and *Pacem in Terris* has not yet been heard among our economists and until it is, the dismal science will not reach its *aggiornamento* stage. One prays that this will arrive soon.

JOHN GROARKE

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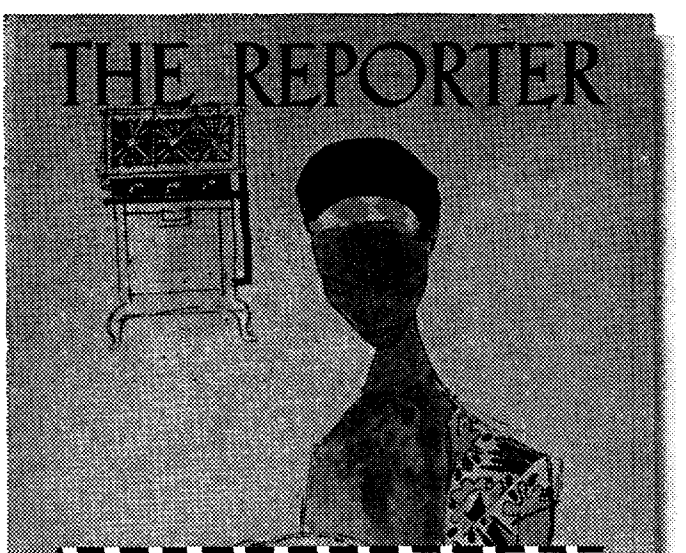


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